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## Zion's Herald.

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"BITTER-SWEET."

BY MISS E. A. HAWKINS.

Art thou in darkness? Wait for the light;  
Or in the valley? Look toward the height.  
If in the tempest, trust for the calm;  
If in the storm, breathe forth a psalm.  
After storm-breasting  
Cometh calm resting.

Art thou a mourner, under the rod?  
Then though the years fall, seek after God;  
Into thy wounded heart He will pour balm,  
O'er thy troubled soul He will breathe calm.  
After cross-bearing  
Cometh crown-wearing.

Art thou a soldier on life's hard field,  
Worlded with conflict, yet it leads up;  
Into thy wounded heart He will pour balm,  
O'er thy troubled soul He will breathe calm.  
After cross-bearing  
Cometh crown-wearing.

Is the draught bitter? Christ holds the cup;  
Sung the path and steep, yet it leads up;  
Far above earth's bars stretches the way,  
Far above gleaming stars to endless day.  
After earth's toil is past,  
Cometh heaven's rest at last.

Here are the sorrows, here the delights;  
There the bright sunshine, here the nights;  
There the sowing, there the sheaves;  
There the fruitage, here the blooms and leaves.  
After the winter's cold  
Summer's bright leaves unfold.  
Providence, R. I.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY, D. D.

OCEAN GROVE.

It is not permitted to any derived being to be in more than one place at one and the same time. If it were, your correspondent would have been at Ocean Grove during the past summer, as well as at other places. But failing to achieve the impossible, he exploited the possible by spending a couple of days at this beautiful and renowned spot, after all the special religious gatherings had ceased. Even then, enough people were left to constitute a very respectable congregation, to whom he preached, as invited, in the auditorium. The size of that assemblage was peculiarly gratifying, in view of the formidable competition of the local firemen's parade. Red shirts, leather helmets, brass trumpets, and all the tinsel glories of such a procession are dear to the hearts of juveniles, who are more ambitious to "run with the machine" than to tread the paths of religious pleasantness and peace. Firemen there must be, and especially in such combustible collections of temporary domiciles; and one way of doing the Lord's will is that of extinguishing conflagrations, either in corporate limits or in corporate institutions. Explosive matches, and explosive tongues, are similarly dangerous.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Beautiful for situation, and one of the joys of the whole earth—of New York and Philadelphia in particular—is Ocean Grove. There saints of all sorts in harmony meet; and especially Methodist saints. "Multitudes by the Sea" is the legend inscribed on the Annual Report for 1885. What it is on that of 1886 we shall learn somewhere about Christmas. Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D., president of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association, writes: "The attendance during the summer was the largest of our history. The arrivals at our depot (both places—Asbury Park and Ocean Grove—were but one) during June, July, and August, were about 900,000." Many of these arrivals were probably of the same men and women at different times. The meetings have been eminently successful. The number of professed conversions ranges between five and six hundred.

Dr. Stokes is at the head of a very noble and efficient body of twenty-six men, thirteen of whom are laymen; the rest are ministers. All are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. None of them is making money, except in the rise of value of lots or houses of which he may be the

owner. In this respect he is on the same level with all owners. In no sense is the Association a speculative or money-making body. Whatever is received from the sale of lots still in its possession, or from assessments upon property owned by others, is judiciously expended in improvements. Salaried officers are of course a necessity, but the compensation received by them is exceedingly moderate. More sensible business men it would be difficult to find. They have enterprisingly supplied permanent residents and summer sojourners with abundant quantities of the purest water by means of artesian wells. Four or five miles of pipe convey it to many dwellings, and contemplated extensions will carry it to all. Between ten and eleven miles of sewerage, with outlet in deep water several hundred feet from the shore, secure proper sanitation, and guard against possible injuries to health from crowding. All existing arrangements are working well.

Visitors who have not been at the place for years marvel at the changes wrought in such brief space. The wearied preachers who sought communion with God and with each other in connection with physical rest and recuperation amid the seaside pine barrens of New Jersey, surely never dreamed whereunto their simple and unostentatious venture would grow. They build more wisely than they know. So does every sincere and obedient child of the King. Themselves, colleagues, and successors did wisely in excluding intoxicants and narcotics from sale on the grounds; and, also, in guarding against Sabbath-desecration, beggars, peddlers, and organ-grinders; and, in fact, against peripatetic or stationary nuisances of all kinds. Cranks have gotten within the enclosure at times, but soon found that their room was better liked than their company. Effusions in the newspapers sometimes followed, and did good by relieving the cranks aforesaid of surplus bile. It is an admirable American axiom that men with bees in their bonnets should be permitted to howl; and an equally admirable rule that the line should be drawn at howling. The anarchists find that such line cannot be transgressed with impunity. So do the silly Solons and scribbling sordheads who rail at the management of Ocean Grove through the newspapers. "Brainy, nervous," are adjectives in favor with the Gotham editors. Add "wise, conscientious, godly, firm, able," and a few others to the twain, and the governors of this summer city by the sea are sufficiently characterized.

Long may Ocean Grove wave its branches to the cooling breezes; and long may its religious, moral, social, and national conventions continue to meet. It is a power for good. It exhibits the unity of all the members in the body of Christ. Under God it is transmutative, transformative, and translative. Sometimes it receives hard and even intractable subjects. One would think that agnostic lawyers, and professors of the sock and buskin, would keep out of its precincts; but, *mirabile dictu*—here some of them are, and here because they want to be! What brings them? May it not be a lurking conviction, or unavowed hope that here they will find the new-creative grace of the Omnipotent Jehovah?

Of Ocean Grove, and Martha's Vineyard too, we can truthfully sing—  
"I have been there and still would go;  
'Tis like a little heaven below;  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They talk of heaven and learn the way."

This quotation is about as true as quotations generally are. Some abatements have to be made for Sunday-schools and camp-meetings both.

SCENE IN AN ARSENAL.

What a change from a camp-ground to an arsenal, and that, too, on the Central Park of the city of New York! But the scene in the arsenal is most studying. Before Park Commissioners Borden and Beekman stands a gray-clad policeman, charged with arresting and imprisoning a Methodist local preacher for the offense of distributing copies of our Lord's Parables and of His Sermon on the Mount in the Battery Park. Another man—laborer on secular days and deputy policeman on sacred ones—is charged with the offense of striking the said preacher a violent blow on the arm, and with hustling him. The preacher has seen thirty

years of service, is quite deaf, good-humored, devoted to his Master's work, and endowed with no small share of good sense and shrewdness. Talk and action show that he is of the stuff whereout moral heroes are made. He is Rev. James Mathews, and is a member of the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church in Brooklyn. He is the associate of Rev. G. H. Goodsell, agent of the New York City Evangelization Tract Society in New York. Mr. Goodsell himself is present. So are Revs. J. M. King, D. D., J. N. Ackley and the writer. The redoubtable Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is also there, in defense of the liberties fundamental to American freedom, and is the spokesman for the prosecution. All are justly indignant that a good man should have been incarcerated in a police station cell from 3.30 to 11.30 p. m., and refused release except on bail for \$300 furnished by a civic freholder, while an unprincipled, illegal liquor-seller would be discharged on questionable security of \$100. Uniformed policeman admits the arrest, but pleads that it was necessitated by instructions. This in turn brings out the fact that for twenty years the distribution of tracts and hand-bills of all kinds in the public parks has been prohibited, in order to prevent their being littered and disfigured by printed matter. Of any such ordinance the preacher was unaware, and was therefore "run in" by the officer, who was discharged without reprimand. The commissioners, however, state that revision of the ordinance will be under their consideration in the near future.

Non-uniformed deputy-policeman now gives his version of the affair, and asserts with emphasis that the tract given away by the complainant bore the title of "Twelve Reasons Against Rumselling." That he seems to look upon as an offense of sufficient enormity to warrant summary and free-handed action in the exercise of brief authority. Between him and Mr. Mathews is a question of veracity. The latter was struck, and if not by the defendant, by whom? What the decision of the commissioners is, or will be, we are not yet informed. Externally, in point of courtesy, fairness, and disciplined ability, they are all that could be asked from the best representatives of American culture.

Several things are certain: One is, that some officials are likely to abuse their power; and not the least likely are those of Celtic blood and Romanist affiliations. Another is, that New York actually needs the most godly evangelism. Apparently insuperable difficulties stand in the way. Rome is always ready for a fight. As Mr. Mathews truthfully remarks: "Rome has the right of way by force of determinate and insolent assumption." One of her ministers styles himself "the priest of Castle Garden," and does not shrink from proclaiming his antagonism to religious tracts of any kind—Father Hecker to the contrary notwithstanding. Christian liberty must be maintained—Rome or no Rome. It is true that infidelity and devilry in all shapes will and does demand the same rights of publication as Christianity—what then? Is the latter to cease aggressive action, or shall it boldly confront the world, the flesh, and the devil, accept the inevitable conflict, and valiantly conduct aggressive warfare until all shall submit to Christ, and be freely saved by grace? Messrs. Goodsell and Mathews have the practical sympathies and prayers of all good men in their evangelistic toil.

On Oct. 14, the corner-stone of the new Methodist Episcopal church on Seventh Avenue and 129th Street was laid by Rev. Dr. J. M. Reid in presence of a large assemblage. The handle of the trowel with which he performed the ceremony is said to have been made of olive wood from Jerusalem. The box deposited under the corner-stone contained copies of the church periodicals, of the daily newspapers, and of the local church and Sunday-school records. Centuries hence they will, probably, furnish matter for another letter to ZION'S HERALD from the New York correspondent. Dr. Buckley, who made an address in the hall prior to the formation of the procession of clergy and laity which marched to the church, is of opinion that the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church has acquired sufficient momentum to carry it forward for the next millennium, even though it should lose its spiritual life. But that life is as vigorous and aggressive now, and more intelligent and catholic than it has ever been from the commencement of Methodist history. The editor of the *Christian Advocate* is *sui generis* as a speaker. On certain occasions his bright and contrastful utterances remind us of some masterpiece of Roman inlaid work. Every part is complete in itself, but it needs the fitting of each into designed relations to produce the impression of vivid and masterful unity.

The new edifice is of brick, with white stone trimmings. The audience-room of 80 feet square will accommodate—galleries included—1,075 people. Glass doors on the west side, when raised, throw the Sunday-school room, 40 by 100 feet, into full view of the pulpit, and make both rooms virtually one. The parsonage, facing on the avenue, is 20 by 50 feet, and like all metropolitan buildings, finds ample room for extension skyward. The entire cost of the property when completed will be about \$120,000. This it is intended to raise and pay at, or soon after, dedication. The congregation numbers about 300, and the Sunday-school about 400. The pastor, Rev. F. M. North, and his flock, are entitled to great praise for the faith, courage and energy with which they have brought the enterprise so near to a successful conclusion. He and his brother, Rev. C. R. North, are sons of C. C. North, one of the most brilliant and gifted laymen in the church, and grandsons of Rev. Thomas Mason, who was formerly one of the Book Agents.

On the same day the new edifice of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Mount Vernon was dedicated. Dr. James M. King preached, in the afternoon, in place of the able, eloquent, and beloved *Chapman*, whose illness will make it more clear how dear he is to the heart of the church he so efficiently served. The eloquent afternoon sermon prepared the way for that of Dr. Buckley in the evening. The present church is the successor of one partly erected in 1851; is of brick, with terra cotta trimmings, of amphitheatrical style in the interior, with sliding doors that connect the audience with the Sunday-school room, so that the seating capacity may be increased to eleven hundred. The cost is about \$40,000, all of which is probably prospectively provided for. Mount Vernon Methodism is neither dead nor sleeping. The impulse to its new expansion was largely and powerfully communicated by the last pastor—Rev. Dr. Robert Crook.

METHODISM IN LONDON.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

One of the greatest problems now exercising the minds of religious people in London is—How to reach the masses; and a still greater problem is—What share in this great work belongs to Methodism? This question has been now for nearly thirty years under serious consideration, and during that period nearly seven hundred new churches and chapels have been built (for the people will call Methodist chapels with spires by the name church), and each of these have a seating capacity for one thousand persons at the least. Now that the leading men in London Methodism have a satisfactory knowledge of the question, they see how utterly inadequate all their efforts have been to grapple with the difficulty under consideration. It is an ascertained fact, arrived at by various modes of inquiry and calculation, and by various agencies, that of the four million people now living in London, not more than one million ever attend any religious worship. This is an appalling state of things. Granted that it is cheering to know that there are a million persons who go through some form of worship every Sabbath; but what about the three millions who are godless? That is bad enough, but that is not the worst of the matter; for most of them are the enemies of God, their best friend. The Methodists believe that their system of teaching religion is the best of any to reach the poor and neglected classes, to raise the fallen, to bring the erring into the right way, to make even beggars into respectable citizens, to comfort sorrowing ones, and to turn sinners into saints. With this conviction, they have been devising one great scheme toward lessening the evil in our midst, and that is to establish a West Central Mission, of a kind better adapted to accomplish good than any they have yet tried. Hitherto Methodism has not been a failure; its successes

and triumphs, both in villages and towns, have been great indeed, so that we can emphasize the famous saying of John Wesley—"What hath God wrought!"

But the wants of this age are different from those of any which have preceded it. We learn, for example, that, in one district bordering on the Queen's Palace and the town residence of the Prince of Wales, there is a population of 400,000 persons beyond the reach of Methodist organization, and but little under the influence of any other religious agency. Into the midst of this vast body of people the last Conference has resolved to establish their new scheme for trying to reach the people, and bring them under better social, moral, and religious control. The undertaking was outlined and resolved upon two years ago; but many unforeseen difficulties have prevented action being taken, and it is now believed that the hand of God more than the obstruction of man caused the delay in commencing the work. Plans were immature; the confidence of the public was but imperfectly secured; funds were not forthcoming; so the scheme, with its multiplied difficulties, had to be examined with a much wider and mature information.

The last Conference devoted three days to the consideration of the subject, and when every conceivable form of opposition had been stated, the Conference adopted the proposed new mission by a two-thirds vote. It will involve an outlay of \$250,000 to begin with; and within a year or two, funds to the extent of fully \$500,000 will be required to get it in full working order. The scheme will include new premises on a large scale; and owing to the social as well as religious character of the mission, including as it will something in the way of entertainments and sociables, the property will have to be vested on a new form of legal deed, as the present deed of Methodist does not admit of any services being held but those of a purely religious tendency. The money to be raised by appeals to the public, chiefly through public meetings, the first of which will shortly be held in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to be followed by others in all the great centers of Methodism. Rev. Mark Guy Pearse has been separated from circuit work to collect the funds needed for the working during the present year; and when he has fairly started these meetings in England, it is intended that he should visit America, to state the claims of this great scheme, and bring home with him what aid he can collect to help forward the work. It is more than a hundred and fourteen years since the first collection was made in the English Methodist Conference to help Methodism in America. We are tolerably certain that now, in our turn, the Methodists of America will cheerfully and generously help England in its time of urgent need. Times often have invitations come to Mark Guy Pearse, our very popular Methodist author, to visit his brethren in America, but hitherto he has had to decline all such invitations. He is to come to you speedily, and with a plea that will meet with a response from American hearts as generous as its merits; but of the greeting my dear friend will have on your side of the water, I believe it will be unsurpassed for heartiness of welcome. Brother Pearse is known wherever the English language is known, for his numerous books—so instructive, so entertaining, so cheering and elevating—are circulated by millions. It is only twenty years ago that he began to tell his Cornish tales to the children of the present writer; and seeing how deeply they were interested in his recitals, he was induced to begin to write, and now he is the most popular author in English Methodism, and one of the most winning and instructive preachers in England, having been repeatedly invited to preach in the largest nonconformist churches in the land. His visit to America will be an ovation. The tale he will have to tell about London Methodism and the great mission scheme, will have a charm in it for Americans they will not be able to resist. The call of his church he takes to be the call of God. Therefore he goes forth, trusting in God.

London Methodism has a yet far wider claim for extension and support. The new churches which have been opened, and largely filled, have only opened our eyes to the needs, strong and urgent, which London as a whole has for much greater efforts than have yet been made. These have been briefly stated by the secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, the earnest, devoted, and enthusiastic John Bond, in five propositions, which are here given in his own words:—

"1. That there are still needed about 450 Wesleyan Methodist chapels in London, each to seat 1,000 persons, in order that there may be Wesleyan Methodist provision for 1,000 out of every 10,000 of the population—a far less proportion than obtains in many of the provinces."

"2. That there are still within four miles of city-road Chapel 55 considerable towns—sub-divisions of the metropolis—some of them containing nearly 60,000 population, without any Wesleyan Methodist chapel or service of any kind—a fact which would startle the Connexion if it could be said of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, or any country district."

"3. That postponing our obligation as to the 450 chapels just mentioned, and striving only to keep abreast of the increasing population, which each year grows at the rate of about 100,000, ten new chapels are required every year."

"4. That having accustomed our people to expect the help of this fund, many of them have now become practically unable to do without it, and that therefore, unless it be continued, London Methodism will inevitably revert to the lamentable inactivity which characterized it before the fund was established."

"5. That in these days of growing education amongst the masses—of superstitions and infidel activity—and of increasingly potent democratic political life, it becomes more imperative than ever that we, as Englishmen and Christians, seek the evangelization of London, the metropolis of the empire, and the centre of the world."

It will not be doubted but that a strong case is here made out in few lines—a case so strong that most people would scarcely believe that in great London the need of Methodism was so great. If only one-tenth of what is here outlined as necessary could be accomplished, we should be devoutly thankful, when we consider how many other agencies have to be kept in full activity, and especially the ever-pressing claims of the Foreign Missionary Society; but London Methodism must be earnestly advocated and promoted, and the readers of the now venerable ZION'S HERALD, the oldest of Methodist newspapers, cannot but feel interested in the original home of the great Methodism of the world. In all lands Methodism is making itself felt, and its soul-saving influence is now a reality in nearly every city where the English language is spoken; and all these people naturally inquire for the origin of this influence. "Where did Methodism begin?" is an inquiry so natural, we must, for our credit's sake, see that the cause is well sustained in London. Time changes everything on earth; but the change which we desire most to see in the future is that of the progress, till it shall have reached every country, city, town and village in the world. Its march hitherto has been glorious, and its adherents to-day, all the world over, cannot be less than from twenty-five to thirty millions of people, and increasing every hour. Among the changes going on in London is one I regret to have to note. Early in the month of August, I took Rev. Dr. A. S. Hunt, of the Bible House, New York, to see the court in Aldersgate Street, in which John Wesley was converted. I was sorry to find every countenance being pulled down. I went there again a week ago with Bishop Minde, then in London, and found all cleared away, and the ground cleared for the building, on the site, a new office or warehouses. So pass away our pleasant memories! A block of warehouses now rests on the spot where stood twenty years ago Thomas Bray's house in Little Britain, where Charles Wesley lodged at the time of his conversion.

Later in the meeting Rev. M. F. Bridgman read a paper upon the same topic, adding these thoughts: No cast-iron rule can be given. Two parties need a revival—those who are dead through having backslidden, and those who are dead because they were never converted; do not wait till all the official board or membership will vote for it, or till all the difficulties are removed; despite the day of small things: agitate—talk it up, not down; have a deep conviction that God alone can give it—hence travail of soul; desire and seek such a revival as God wants; organize—get your forces in order; exchange of help among pastors may be good; have the people converted to God, not to the pastor or singers, etc.

Rev. G. B. Chadwick gave us a paper on "The Duty of the Church to the Children;" also Rev. E. A. Glidden another upon the same topic. These papers gave us the following thoughts: Self-preservation demands that we take care of the children. Protestants should learn a lesson from Romanists; if they neglect and pass the children by, they will neglect and pass us by; if we find fault with the church and ministry in their presence, they will lose their love and respect for both; we must look after what they read; they should see, as much as we may, that they are baptized; we should see that all the children of the community are looked after; we should give them superintendents and Sunday-school teachers who are Christians. Remarks from Bros. Duntun, Byrne, Bennett, Clifford, Mills, Besse, Thompson, Brown and Yates contained these suggestions: The children should attend the preaching service; we should know all the children and speak to them; to give them a card now and then as we meet them will bring them to church; a regular meeting for catechizing them has been found very useful; better never a Sunday-school than that it become a substitute for the preaching service. The Tuesday evening service was a sermon by Rev. C. B. Besse, on the "Characteristics and Rewards of a Servant of Christ."

Wednesday morning the session opened with a most inspiring song and prayer and testimony service. The meeting was conducted by Rev. W. L. Brown, and he had no heart to close it when the half-hour was reached. It was a "communion of saints" most sweet. After this service essays were resumed. A paper by Rev. C. I. Mills on "Old-fashioned Methodism" showed us clearly that we have no need to sigh for the former days, but rather to rejoice that Methodism is still a vigorous plant, more and more putting on strength and beauty. He showed that we have made improvements in the matter of class-meetings, dress, finances, singing, funerals, etc. Further discussion brought out also the idea that great improvement had been made in the personal habits of both the ministry and membership. At this point Revs. I. H. W. Wharf, T. R. Pentecost and O. Tyler were appointed a committee to locate the next meeting of the association, to be held in February, 1887, and to publish a programme in due season.

At 2 o'clock p. m., Rev. W. F. Chase preached a stirring sermon upon "Causes of the Growing Inefficiency of our Camp-meetings"—was discussed by Rev. B. Byrne. The points made were:

They (the camp-meetings) were formerly for work; there was a sharp fight between the saints and the devil. There was union of aim and effort. They are popular now; even other denominations have them. We are now taking it too easy. We have them frequently on the Sabbath. There's too much traffic and money-making. Remarks followed from Bros. Clifford, Baker, Chadwick, Glidden, Bennett, Brown, Besse, Yates, and Plumer. In these remarks the following thoughts were suggested: A return to the old intent and line of work; the abandonment of cottages, fences and gate money; less organization, and more soul-saving; less pleasure-seeking, and more secret prayer; a change in the aim of the meeting; less cry for old-fashioned camp-meetings, and a more hopeful view of the present.

At 2 o'clock p. m., we listened to a sweet-spirited and inspiring sermon by Rev. J. R. Clifford, upon "Nearness to God." Sin and fear separate us from God; but God desires it otherwise. We should draw near Him, in order to be kept; in order to strengthen for service; in order to understand His word and will; in order to understand His providences. Secret prayer will keep us near. Do not let the path to the close grow up with weeds. After the sermon a paper was read by Rev. S. M. Duntun, upon "How can Every Pastor in Every Church Secure a Revival?" He said the Bible gives us the answer. We find it in the 51st Psalm—"Create in me a clean heart, O God," etc.; "then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." The answer, then, in common language is: Come to God for the fitness; tell the story; teach the way; rely on the promise. Remarks followed from Bros. Clifford, Ogier, Baker, Parker, Bennett, Brown and Byrne. From these remarks the following thoughts were culled: It (the revival) begins with the pastor; the church must co-operate; the church will co-operate; fire will spread; an evangelist may be helpful; don't trust more to agencies than to God; begin revival meetings before social and secular entertainments are in full blast; begin with even a few co-workers.

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Later in the meeting Rev. M. F. Bridgman read a paper upon the same topic, adding these thoughts: No cast-iron rule can be given. Two parties need a revival—those who are dead through having backslidden, and those who are dead because they were never converted; do not wait till all the official board or membership will vote for it, or till all the difficulties are removed; despite the day of small things: agitate—talk it up, not down; have a deep conviction that God alone can give it—hence travail of soul; desire and seek such a revival as God wants; organize—get your forces in order; exchange of help among pastors may be good; have the people converted to God, not to the pastor or singers, etc.

Rev. G. B. Chadwick gave us a paper on "The Duty of the Church to the Children;" also Rev. E. A. Glidden another upon the same topic. These papers gave us the following thoughts: Self-preservation demands that we take care of the children. Protestants should learn a lesson from Romanists; if they neglect and pass the children by, they will neglect and pass us by; if we find fault with the church and ministry in their presence, they will lose their love and respect for both; we must look after what they read; they should see, as much as we may, that they are baptized; we should see that all the children of the community are looked after; we should give them superintendents and Sunday-school teachers who are Christians. Remarks from Bros. Duntun, Byrne, Bennett, Clifford, Mills, Besse, Thompson, Brown and Yates contained these suggestions: The children should attend the preaching service; we should know all the children and speak to them; to give them a card now and then as we meet them will bring them to church; a regular meeting for catechizing them has been found very useful; better never a Sunday-school than that it become a substitute for the preaching service. The Tuesday evening service was a sermon by Rev. C. B. Besse, on the "Characteristics and Rewards of a Servant of Christ."

Wednesday morning the session opened with a most inspiring song and prayer and testimony service. The meeting was conducted by Rev. W. L. Brown, and he had no heart to close it when the half-hour was reached. It was a "communion of saints" most sweet. After this service essays were resumed. A paper by Rev. C. I. Mills on "Old-fashioned Methodism" showed us clearly that we have no need to sigh for the former days, but rather to rejoice that Methodism is still a vigorous plant, more and more putting on strength and beauty. He showed that we have made improvements in the matter of class-meetings, dress, finances, singing, funerals, etc. Further discussion brought out also the idea that great improvement had been made in the personal habits of both the ministry and membership. At this point Revs. I. H. W. Wharf, T. R. Pentecost and O. Tyler were appointed a committee to locate the next meeting of the association, to be held in February, 1887, and to publish a programme in due season.

At 2 o'clock p. m., Rev. W. F. Chase preached a stirring sermon upon "Causes of the Growing Inefficiency of our Camp-meetings"—was discussed by Rev. B. Byrne. The points made were:

They (the camp-meetings) were formerly for work; there was a sharp fight between the saints and the devil. There was union of aim and effort. They are popular now; even other denominations have them. We are now taking it too easy. We have them frequently on the Sabbath. There's too much traffic and money-making. Remarks followed from Bros. Clifford, Baker, Chadwick, Glidden, Bennett, Brown, Besse, Yates, and Plumer. In these remarks the following thoughts were suggested: A return to the old intent and line of work; the abandonment of cottages, fences and gate money; less organization, and more soul-saving; less pleasure-seeking, and more secret prayer; a change in the aim of the meeting; less cry for old-fashioned camp-meetings, and a more hopeful view of the present.

At 2 o'clock p. m., we listened to a sweet-spirited and inspiring sermon by Rev. J. R. Clifford, upon "Nearness to God." Sin and fear separate us from God; but God desires it otherwise. We should draw near Him, in order to be kept; in order to strengthen for service; in order to understand His word and will; in order to understand His providences. Secret prayer will keep us near. Do not let the path to the close grow up with weeds. After the sermon a paper was read by Rev. S. M. Duntun, upon "How can Every Pastor in Every Church Secure a Revival?" He said the Bible gives us the answer. We find it in the 51st Psalm—"Create in me a clean heart, O God," etc.; "then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." The answer, then, in common language is: Come to God for the fitness; tell the story; teach the way; rely on the promise. Remarks followed from Bros. Clifford, Ogier, Baker, Parker, Bennett, Brown and Byrne. From these remarks the following thoughts were culled: It (the revival) begins with the pastor; the church must co-operate; the church will co-operate; fire will spread; an evangelist may be helpful; don't trust more to agencies than to God; begin revival meetings before social and secular entertainments are in full blast; begin with even a few co-workers.

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## Miscellaneous.

A FLIGHT TO THE NORTHWEST.  
A Sail Up the Columbia River.

BY REV. T. GERRISH.

X.

The circumstances all combined to make the trip one of interest and pleasure. The morning was one of the most beautiful that I ever saw. The heavens smiled upon the mountains, forests and farms of Oregon in a most gracious manner. Portland, enthroned upon the banks of the Willamette River, appeared at its best in the glorious sunlight. The steamer "Wide West," on which I had taken passage, was tugging like a giant to break the heavy lines which bound it to the wharf; and from the upper deck, leaning against the rail, I was looking at the bustling human mass around and below. It had not occurred to me but that my appearance was clerical enough to indicate my profession to any person who should condescend to notice me. An individual approached me, however, and in a mild, timid manner handed me a printed tract with the remark: "I suppose you don't often read such things, but please read that;" and then he beat a hasty retreat. I failed to comprehend his meaning. I glanced at the tract, and found it to be a sermon of Rev. Mr. Hastings, of Boston, on the inspiration of the Scriptures. Then the query arose, "For whom did this man mistake me?" My first impulse was to hasten after him and prove my identity. But, alas! my certificate of clerical and official character, so kindly furnished by the publisher of Zion's Herald, was locked up in my baggage. My traveling companion was in California, and there was no way for me to extricate myself from the dilemma. I hastened, however, to a state-room, carefully rolled up the battered brim of my old slouched hat, and tried to make myself believe that I did not look so much like a cowboy after all.

By that time the passengers were coming on board in great numbers. Among them came two hundred members of a German Reformed Church on a Sunday-school excursion up the Columbia River. The lines were cast off at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the "Wide West" dropped down the Willamette, and was soon upon the bosom of the Columbia River. I think that the most of your readers would, like myself, be very much surprised at the size of this magnificent river. The snow and ice melting upon the long ranges of mountains add much to its volume in June, and I saw it at high water—a great mass of water, at some points two miles wide, rushing on to the sea. Its waters are stained with the colorings of the soil, so that they more closely resemble those of the Missouri than the Mississippi River. In many places its banks are low and flat, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, ferns, and shrubs, which were then rarely concealed by the yellow, dirt-stained waters. Now and then the scene was relieved by farms, with beautiful green fields and neat buildings. Grains, vegetables, and all varieties of fruit thrive in Oregon and Washington Territory in almost tropical luxury. Large herds of cattle and horses, together with great flocks of sheep, were seen grazing upon the hillside, or lazily watching the steamer toiling up the river. A few beautiful villages were seen. Among them was Vancouver, with its important United States Military Post. The park of artillery, the uniforms of the soldiers, and the stars and stripes flying from the tall flag-staff, added much to the beauty of the village. As I watched the soldiers on drill, and saw them pass through the movements once so familiar to myself, I almost forgot that I was not living in the past, when on the sacred soil of Virginia we waded through mud and ate hardtack to our hearts' content.

I was aroused from these meditations by a heavy voice behind me exclaiming: "I tell you he is a four-time loser." Startled by the voice, and not then fully comprehending the meaning of his remark, I turned to look over the group of gentlemen of which the speaker was one. There, seated in a little cluster, were a dozen Western gentlemen. Should you by chance meet them anywhere on the globe, you would at once recognize them as Westerners. For it does not require great skill to distinguish a Western man in any locality, or to select him from any crowd. There they sit in all the glory of their true character, each one pulling away at a cigar, his feet elevated upon the back of a chair, bringing them upon a level with his head. There is one article of wearing apparel in which the true Westerner always takes special pride—in his boots; polished to the highest degree, and from their elevated position reflecting the features of their owners. The speaker, whose remark had arrested my attention, was a tall, finely-proportioned man of perhaps forty years. His black hair and moustache reminded me of Gen. Logan; his eyes and face were not, however, so dark as those of the Illinois senator. A great diamond pin gleamed upon the white linen shirt-front. His cigar was held daintily between his fingers as he repeated his remark, "Gentlemen, I tell you that old— is a four-time loser, and the party that nominates him is defeated." They were a party of Oregon politicians, and the subject of this remark I soon discovered to be the candidate of the Republican party in Oregon for governor, who had recently been defeated at the State election. I could not refrain from listening to the remarks which followed, and became one of an interested circle of listeners who gathered around this group of statesmen. They were of the old Bourbon school, and were rejoicing over the Democratic victory in Republican Oregon. From State they soon branched

off to national politics. "What do you think of Cleveland?" queried one, who had been silent up to this moment. "A confounded dunce," came the reply from another. "That's so," chimed in number three. "To drag in Civil Service as he does! What do we care about that infernal nonsense? What did we elect him President for, if it was not to turn the rascals out and give us their places? An awful mistake Cleveland has made. The Democratic party is disappointed in him. He has forfeited their confidence and support." "What do you think of Jim Blaine's Portland speech on home rule?" asked another. "Oh, Jim Blaine is dead," chimed in half a dozen others in one breath. Then they gave a deep sigh. I did not know whether that sigh was inspired by sorrow at the event which they had just declared, or by fear that their declaration was not true. They were all unanimous, however, upon the one point that Cleveland must cut loose from the Mugwumps and Civil Service if he wanted to hold the untarnished Bourbons of the Northwest loyal to his standard.

Passing from this group of gentlemen, I found three sons of old Ireland seated by themselves near the stern of the "Wide West," one of whom I had met in Portland on the previous day. I was cordially welcomed to their circle. They were large manufacturers of woolen goods, which industry they had made a great success. They were deeply interested in the home rule situation in the old world, and were loud in their praises of Gladstone and Parnell. I could also discover that they were not in sympathy with the statement made by the other party but a few moments before, that the "plumed knight" was dead.

In the meantime the Germans were having a big time, and were evidently making the most of their excursion. Big, medium-sized and little Dutchmen all crowded in together. Pipes, cigars, pretzels, lager beer, bologna sausage, and other German luxuries were being indulged in with an extravagance worthy of the good old Fatherland across the sea from which they came. Their pastor I found to be a quiet, intelligent Christian gentleman, from whom I obtained much information regarding all professions, nationalities, and political parties in the West. I discovered that there was one thing upon which the great majority agreed, and that was, "The Chinese must go!" And it is also quickly discovered that one source of Mr. Blaine's strength on the Pacific Slope is the position which he took when in Washington upon this very point. I must confess that when I saw these Chinese servants in the hotels and on the steamers; when I learned from the most respectable citizens of Portland that they were the most capable and trustworthy domestics that could be employed; when I saw their beautiful gardens which their patient toil had brought forth from unproductive ground covered with sage brush; as I saw them toiling to remove the forest trees from the fertile soil of Oregon and Washington, harmless, patient, temperate, and uncomplaining, I felt mortified to think of the treatment our government had permitted the hoodlums of the West to inflict upon them, and that those hoodlum patriots of Seattle, Wyoming, and the sand-lots of San Francisco could quote the words of men whom we had been taught to regard as the chiefest of our statesmen in defense of their foul and murderous attacks. It can be but a question of time before the hour of retaliation will come; and fortunate indeed will be the Christians residing in China if they do not reap in their own blood the harvest which our government is now sowing for them on the Pacific slopes. One big German, in defense of the atrocious crimes committed upon the Chinese, said: "Let the world know that America is for Americans." I could not refrain from asking, "What if we had declared that before you came over?"

In gossiping about the society encountered on the Columbia, we must not forget its scenery. Each is peculiar to the river where they are found. The former is a strange mixture of race, profession, and prejudice flung loosely together, inspired by the ambition and intense activity of our American civilization. The latter is a grand outpouring of nature where rocks, mountains, cliffs, canyons, perpendicular walls, great waterfalls, dizzy heights, and glorious colorings are thrown in together with a strange, weird harmony and infinite profusion. For scenery the quently Columbia has no rival on the continent. Both Oregon and Washington Territory frown upon her from precipices and dome-like rocks; but smiling in a sense of her own security, drawing her liquid treasures from a watershed of infinite extent, she sweeps on to the sea, untried by the frowning walls which mark the limits of her domain. As we ascended the river, the scenery rapidly became more wild and romantic. The rocky barriers ranged from five hundred to two thousand feet high, composed of a most singular substance of rock, upon which the external storms and frosts and heat had been working for ages, while internal heat had also assisted, so that the great walls were seamed, slashed, and torn asunder, leaving blood-stained fragments hanging in every conceivable form and position. The streams of water which drain the tablelands at the summit of the solid rock, and with a perpendicular fall of from six hundred to a thousand feet (during which they resemble a bridal veil), they mingle their waters with the great river below. The Indians have a singular tradition that the two mountains, Hood and Adams, once stood near the river, and were connected by a natural bridge at the Cascades, and that the river was then navigable for many miles above that point. The tradition states that these two

mountains became angry with each other, and they threw fire and stones until they crushed and destroyed the bridge, the debris of which causes the present cascades; and that the Great Spirit, in his anger at the disaster, seized a mountain with each hand and hurled them back many miles from the river, where they now stand. These two mountains, like nearly all the other peaks in the Cascade Range, are extinct volcanoes, and at the Cascades midway between Portland and the Dalles are abundant proof of a great convulsion of nature at some remote point in the past. The Cascades extend for six miles. The river tumbles so furiously over the rocks, that no boat can possibly pass either up or down the river through these rapids.

We bid the "Wide West" good-by, take a railroad car for a portage of six miles, then pass from the car to another steamer which is to bear us to the Dalles. Above the Cascades the scenery is at its best; the two pillars of Hercules, Cape Horn, and Rooster Rock, being the most famous points passed. Above the Cascades I saw no wharves, the location of the steamer's landings being determined by the geographical location of its patrons. On a point of land stands a man swinging his hat. The steamer turns its prow towards him; the boat thumps against the rock wall, or grinds upon the sandy bottom; a plank is thrown out, the passenger gets on board, the engine is reversed, and a few mighty throbs of its iron heart throws the boat backward into deeper water, and on our way we go. At least a dozen passengers were thus taken on board between the Cascades and the Dalles.

A few days before this passage was made up the Columbia, I had an experience in boarding a steamer on the same river, that I did not care to repeat. I had been visiting a small town a few miles above the mouth of the Willamette. As we saw the upward-bound boat, a small lad rowed me out from the town to intercept the steamer in the middle of the river, which is there one and a half miles wide. I am a water-fowl at best, and it made me a little nervous to see now carelessly my boatman used the oars. The steamer was brought to a standstill, and deck hands prepared to receive us. My boatman had reached a point several rods above the steamer, and, resting upon his oars, were carried down by the swift current. A plank was run down from the steamer's side, which they designed my boatman should seize and thus check the movement of the tiny craft until they could pull me up. This he did not do, and the next moment our boat crashed against the slowly revolving wheel of the steamer. My groans of fright (loud though they were) I think were drowned by the shouts and oaths of the men on the steamer. For a moment or two it looked to me as if the life insurance companies would suffer to a large extent from the events of that hour. Our boat was in great danger of being capsized, and as the great, slimy, heaving side of the steamer above us completely overshadowed us, my only hope of escape, so far as human agency was concerned, rested in the bare-fisted, brown-faced lad with the oars. Fortunately my fright did not affect him, and with the most cool indifference he disentangled his boat from the steamer's wheel; and as he rowed out from under the side of the larger vessel, he demanded in a stentorian voice, "why those lubbers didn't do their duty?"

As we once more glided down towards the waiting steamer, he informed the captain of the latter that if such a thing occurred again, "he would never row another passenger out to his boat so long as he lived." This time we were more fortunate. I stood up on the seat of the little shell, and by standing on tip-toe the sailors on the lower deck of the vessel caught my hands; then they drew me in. As they landed me on the deck, one of them asked me in a very stern voice this question: "Why didn't you jump?" And I vainly undertook to show him that it was quite a difficult task to stand on that little tottering boat and jump up ten feet to the steamer's deck. I waved my hat to my young boatman, who grasped his oars, and like a true representative of young America went gliding back over the water whistling "Yankee Doodle" in a most vigorous measure.

Midway between the Cascades and the Dalles, we passed an old Indian cemetery. It was on a small rock island in the centre of the great stream. The old, dilapidated shed coverings were thrown in together with a strange, weird harmony and infinite profusion. For scenery the quently Columbia has no rival on the continent. Both Oregon and Washington Territory frown upon her from precipices and dome-like rocks; but smiling in a sense of her own security, drawing her liquid treasures from a watershed of infinite extent, she sweeps on to the sea, untried by the frowning walls which mark the limits of her domain. As we ascended the river, the scenery rapidly became more wild and romantic. The rocky barriers ranged from five hundred to two thousand feet high, composed of a most singular substance of rock, upon which the external storms and frosts and heat had been working for ages, while internal heat had also assisted, so that the great walls were seamed, slashed, and torn asunder, leaving blood-stained fragments hanging in every conceivable form and position. The streams of water which drain the tablelands at the summit of the solid rock, and with a perpendicular fall of from six hundred to a thousand feet (during which they resemble a bridal veil), they mingle their waters with the great river below. The Indians have a singular tradition that the two mountains, Hood and Adams, once stood near the river, and were connected by a natural bridge at the Cascades, and that the river was then navigable for many miles above that point. The tradition states that these two

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The eye is greeted with an endless variety of scenery all along this route, and the enthusiastic remarks of the pilgrims as they view it for the first time become a little annoying to the old trappers who have looked upon it for years. Supper was late. We were standing upon the upper deck of the steamer. "Oh, that magnificent scenery!" exclaimed a lady, pointing to a distant mountain wall, crowned with ice and bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. "Yes," growled an old settler beside me, "a bloody sight more scenery than grub on this line!" We reached the Dalles at sunset—a thriving city of six thousand people, with lots of muscle and energy. Its

site is of historic interest to Methodists, as one of our early missionary posts. I had designed to stop but three hours in the city, but at the hotel I heard such reports about the catching of salmon a few miles above the town, I determined to tarry one day and try my hand at catching salmon. During the evening I made the most elaborate preparations for my proposed trip—an elegant rod, with brass reel and splendid line, and hooks in great number; and as I looked the outfit over, I saw no reason why the greatest success should not crown my efforts to be made on the morrow. Filled with anticipations of a fine day's sport, I retired at an early hour, and notwithstanding the discordant sounds of angry voices at the hotel bar and around the dozen gambling tables, which penetrated my room, I soon fell asleep, and was awakened in the morning by a stray sunbeam gleaming through the window shutter and throwing his bright light upon my face.

## MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

The prudential committee of this time-honored institution of learning made their term visit to the same, the 7th and 8th of October. At the last June Commencement, a very large number graduated, and went out from the school to fight the great battles of life for themselves. In view of this fact, and in view of the further fact that one normal school, a large number of academies, and a high school in a majority of the towns, all located within a comparatively small distance, would be running in the fall, it was hard then to see where the old seminary and college was to get its recruits to make good its numbers at the fall term.

But they have come from all directions. We found over two hundred students in attendance, and more coming, making the largest fall term for years. This fact alone clearly shows the high rank and standing of the institution, and its popularity among the people. In reputation it justly stands head and shoulders above every other institution of learning of its grade in the State. A discriminating, intelligent public are beginning to understand this; and as evidence of it, I have only to call attention to the fact, that a large number of students—graduates of academies and high schools—come here to finish their education, and avail themselves of the superior advantages it affords students in all its departments. President E. M. Smith at the head, with Prof. Trethorn, Strong, McIntire and Atwell in their several departments; Prof. Morse and Mrs. Morse in the popular Conservatory of Music; Prof. Bacon at the head of the large Commercial College department; Miss McGlaulin as preceptress, Miss Davis in French and German, and Miss Maxson in the department of Art, make up a corps of teachers of which any literary institution in the land might well be proud.

We found everything connected with the school in a very satisfactory condition. Hon. E. R. French, the steward, with Mrs. French as matron, have been at the head of the boarding department for five or six years, and have in their management of the same given very excellent satisfaction. For the students they set an excellent table, furnished with a full supply of wholesome, well-prepared food. The farm belonging to, and connected with, the institution, under Mr. French's management, shows a decided improvement. During the past year it cut a large crop of hay, had three acres of the stoutest corn we have anywhere seen, had between two and three hundred bushels of potatoes, a good supply of barley, and a large garden. On the farm are kept one or two yokes of oxen, eight cows, a lot of young stock, three horses, and fifteen or twenty swine. In the summer of 1885 the trustees expended over two thousand dollars in repairs upon the two main buildings, and they are now in excellent order and condition.

The committee decided to put the "Old Mansion" and the adjoining building in good repair, in season for the next spring term, to be used as a club house, and under the supervision of a competent matron.

Notwithstanding the liberal supply of room furnished by Sampson and Beece Halls, and other buildings connected with the school, the institution is crowded for want of more room. The music, chemical, commercial and art departments all need increased accommodations in this regard. A Music Hall and Gymnasium are among the special needs of the institution.

A larger endowment fund is also very much needed; and it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the institution will rally to its support, and respond to its financial wants at an early day. Since the last Commencement, Prof. Russell has resigned, to take a post-graduate course at another institution; and William L. Atwell, of New York, a graduate of Syracuse University, has been engaged in his place. He is a fine teacher, and thus far gives good satisfaction. Miss Fletcher, who has so long presided over the Art department, on account of ill health has resigned. She is succeeded by Miss Sara M. Maxson, of Syracuse, N. Y.—a graduate of that University, and also a graduate of the department of Fine and Liberal Arts. Miss Maxson is a thorough, popular teacher, an enthusiast in her profession; and under her able management the Art department cannot fail to take rank among the very foremost schools in New England.

A very fine reading-room, under the superintendence of Prof. McIntire, is located in Beece Hall, where is found a judicious selection of newspapers and magazines—a privilege very much enjoyed by the students of the school. In beauty of natural scenery, healthy, salubrious climate, moral religious influences, and superior educational advantages, the Seminary and College at Kent's Hill stands without a rival. In behalf of the Committee,

JOHN J. PERRY.

## "CHRISTIAN HOLINESS."

BY REV. JAMES MUDOR.

The small volume with the above title, sent out a few years ago by the well-known author, Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., of Southampton, L. I., seems to the writer to contain a larger amount of practical, profitable truth on this subject than any other of the very large number he has examined; and he would be glad to call attention to its merits. Perhaps its chief peculiarity and leading excellence are that the author, being a physician as well as preacher, has paid special attention to the modifications which diseased conditions of body (and how few there are who are not more or less diseased) necessitate in our demands upon the spiritual nature. He shows that those constitutionally imperfect and unfortunate will be judged by special laws modified to suit the disability; such persons simply cannot display the same exterior that we have a right to demand from others, and hence it is not required of them. There is graded responsibility corresponding to the graded difficulties which approach with more or less closeness to impossibility.

The author calls attention to the fact that many mental attitudes, depressions, wandering thoughts, and such like, are wholly due to different diseases and purely physical causes, hence to be borne like any other affliction as a part of life's discipline. Uncontrollable nervousness, irritability, peevishness of temper, are often a symptom of the exhaustion of nervous energy; the condition of the body is abnormal, having a physical cause and needing a physical cure. Nervous health is one thing, moral health is another. He distinguishes between normal sanctification "when under the ordinary operations of grace the whole nature is harmonized into conformity with God's will," and what he calls "neuropathic sanctification," when the reactions of the nervous centres are so far impulsive and emotional, that health, not grace, is their proper regulator; and when conjoined with this pathological condition, is a state of spiritual aspiration and purpose which, under more favorable physical conditions, would ensure normal sanctification.

The author wisely holds that Christian holiness includes the observance of all mental, spiritual and physical laws of normal development and action; that responsibility extends to every department, and there must be no needless or careless violation of any of the laws of health. He also points out clearly the important truth, too often lost sight of in current teaching, that we are sanctified only up to the measure of our light and obligation; that few, if any, can surrender effectively what they do not know; and that we cannot really believe for a cleansing beyond our knowledge; which is the simple, single, sufficient explanation why we are not sanctified wholly at conversion, or, as a rule, at a subsequent second blessing.

Supplementary works, and repetitions of the cleansing, are almost always needed, as perversities before unknown are revealed and further light continues to break in.

The author does not always use the terms "holiness" and "sanctification," in what seems to us the Scriptural sense, nor does his book in all parts appear wholly consistent with itself. But, taken as a whole, we know of nothing better, and we could wish it might have a wide circulation.

Whitinsville, Mass.

## A TRIP TO THE PROVINCES.

BY CAPT. CYRUS STEVENS.

During the months of August and September, just past I made a visit, in the interests of my life's labor of Gospel temperance, to the Province of New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Of the latter I wish more particularly to write in this hurried communication. After remaining in St. John, N. B., and its vicinity for the uplifting of the fallen at meetings held generally in the Methodist churches, I went to Prince Edwards Island, and there found the fields white to the harvest in the line of work to which the Master has called me. This island, as your readers may know, lies between the Straits of Northumberland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is reached by railroad from P. E. C. and then by steamer crossing the straits of Northumberland, a distance of thirty-five miles, to Summerside—a nice town of about four thousand inhabitants. It has a good harbor, and from this point nearly all the towns and villages of the island can be reached by railroad, which road runs nearly the entire length of the island east and west—about 70 miles. The average width of the island is about twenty miles. It contains about 140,000 inhabitants—a farming people, well-to-do, who would do much better financially if they only had a market to the United States for their large products—grain and potatoes, horses, cattle, sheep, etc. And I think it would be well for our people to have the comfort of eating their extra nice lamb and potatoes, and also the very fine large mackerel, which are found on their shores, mostly within the three-mile limit, and not be obliged to pay the high prices our boasted protection produces.

Religiously, the people are very devout. Methodism has a strong hold among them. The ministers are faithful, hard workers. Most of them have large circuits, preaching three times on Sunday, and riding from twenty to thirty miles to reach their several appointments. These ministers do not rust out, but wear out; and when obliged to take a superannuated relation, they are taken excellent care of. Thank God for that! A minister having preached thirty or forty years, and having paid into the superannuation fund each year the sum of \$10, when obliged to take the superannuated relation, receives yearly the whole sum he has paid in during his active life and labor for God.

I went to Prince Edwards Island personally a stranger, but God's eye received me gladly. The churches and halls were opened to me, and the people came together in large numbers. The Lord was in our midst; many decided to give up the use of strong drink as a beverage, and hearts and homes were made happy and glad. To God we give all the glory; and still we will labor on as the Master may plan for us, hoping that the day is not far distant when the greatest enemy of the Gospel, strong drink, shall be destroyed from off the face of the earth.

## Our Book Table.

THE MIRACULOUS ELEMENT OF THE GOSPELS: A Course of Lectures delivered on the Ely Foundation, in Union Theological Seminary, by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D. Free Church College, Glasgow. 8vo, 391 pp. New York: Armstrong & Son. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee. \$2.50. This is an exhaustive discussion of the question of the New Testament miracles, as interrupting the order of nature, as to the credibility of the apostolic witnesses, as to the nature, whether supernatural or not, of these occurrences, the ethical character of them, their relation to the Christian Revelation, and the great miracle of Christ Himself, and the inseparable nature of these miracles from Christianity. These topics are candidly, lucidly, and very ably considered. The volume is an addition to our apologetic literature, which every Biblical student will desire to add to his library.

Dr. W. H. De Puy adds to his popular "People's Cyclopaedia," published by Phillips & Hunt, at the Methodist Book Room, THE PEOPLE'S ATLAS OF THE WORLD—a royal octavo volume of 581 pages. In addition to the maps, brought down to the latest dates and handsomely executed, the compiler has gathered an immense amount of information, descriptive, historical, political, commercial and agricultural, in reference to the various countries of the globe. It is of itself an ample encyclopaedia, and makes a portable and invaluable handbook to be on the desk of every student, whether a professional or business man.

S. W. Straub, musical publisher, Chicago, issues, HAPPY MOMENTS FOR SCHOOLS AND SEMINARIES, prepared by the publisher. 50 cents. The book has an extended series of lessons on the author's plan of teaching sight reading of music, and a good collection of sacred and secular music for schools.

The same publisher issues a small manual, entitled THE SINGING TEACHER'S HELPER, giving directions and suggestions to teachers, with model lessons and abundant exercises for class drill. The volume seems well suited for the service of the primary reader, the conductor of a music department, a choir, or a class. 50 cents.

From the same publisher we have EVER NEW—a fresh manual of song for institutions and choirs. It is prepared by the publisher and W. F. Verschuik—both teachers of music. This volume also makes a specialty of its preliminary lessons, and introduces a pleasing variety of anthems, glees, quartettes, etc. 50 cents.

Geo. F. Crook, 30 Music Hall, publishes very nearly a poem in blank verse, entitled, BY MAN CAME DEATH. A Keverly, by the Rev. Dr. Perry, is an impressive portrayal of the terrible sweep of death through all earthly scenes and all human ranks. It then discusses the wisdom and the goodness of God seen even in these scenes of sorrow, the blessed revelations of the life beyond, and the solaces that come to the wounded spirit. The subject is well sustained, and the lines are elevated and preserve an agreeable musical rhythm.

CHRISTMAS AT SURF POINT, by Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. \$1.00. Mr. Allen is a good writer for the young. His previous volumes have been popular. He writes wholeheartedly and with books, without making them monotonous or dull. The young reader, while interested in an attractive story, will receive much instruction and the best of moral lessons. This is one of the best kind of books for young readers and their sisters.

The one juvenile book of the hour that enjoys an astonishing popularity on account of its predecessors from the same pen, of which 30,000 copies are said to have been printed for the first edition, is JOE'S BOYS, AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT: A Sequel to Little Men, by Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50. The singular quality of these books of Miss Alcott is, that while they are fascinating for children, young children, they are just about as attractive to the older ones and to their parents also. This is a delightful, natural, instructive, and very entertaining volume. It carries the best of counsel in its story, and is a pleasure to read. It will be read over and over again in thousands of families. Many little eyes will be fastened upon the good face forming the frontispiece.

SHORT STORIES FROM THE DICTIONARY, by Arthur Gilman, M. A. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Co. 12mo, 60 cents. The book is written in a form to attract quite young scholars, but adults may profitably read it. It gives the origin, progressive history, and changes of the familiar words. It is both instructive and amusing. It is a good book to read aloud in the family, so as to talk about its contents as it is read.

HINTS TOWARD A SELECT AND DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EDUCATION, ARRANGED BY TOPICS, AND INDEXED BY AUTHORS, by G. English Hall and John M. Mansfield. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 12mo, \$1.75. This is an invaluable manual for an educator and for the general reader as well. Under various heads, national, historical, institutional, etc., the different works, directly and indirectly, relating to intellectual, physical and moral training, are given, with their authors, publishers and prices. Every public library will appreciate the value of such a system of bibliography upon a special subject.

One of the most charming books of the hour for young readers is just issued by the Putnam's, and is entitled, LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Many have already read it as it appeared in the successive issues of St. Nicholas. Its hero is an inimitable picture of a real, but remarkable boy. He is of American birth, but the greatest of English lords. Earl, who ultimately, by the death of other heirs, comes to the inheritance of the estate. He carries over with him from this country, in a very amusing manner, his natural characteristics. The naturalness, sweetness, and pathos of the story are very effective. It will be difficult to say which will be most interested, the mother who reads the story to her children, or the children themselves. It is, every way, a delightful volume. \$2.00.

In the popular series of "The Story of the Nations," the Putnam's issue THE STORY OF CARTHAGE, by Alfred J. Church, M. A., under the editorial supervision of Arthur Gilman, M. A. 12mo, \$1.50. It opens with the legendary history and the story of Dido and Aeneas—the foundation and growth of the city. We have then Carthage under Hamilcar and Hannibal, the struggle between Carthage and Rome, and the fall and decay of the great African city. The story is told in a popular style, and presents, in a clear and attractive manner, this remarkable episode in the world's history—the rapid rise, the brilliant culmination, and equally rapid decay of a kingdom chiefly embodied in one vigorous city.

As neat a specimen of book-making as we have seen comes from the press of the Putnam's Sons. It is entitled, PALESTINE: Christmas to Whitinsville, 12mo, \$1.50. In a very thick and elegant volume, the history of the events of this volume is presented. Christmas services, the jubilation as developed in the story under Garibaldi, are charmingly described. The whole book is a poem, founded upon nature and facts.

THE CHRISTMAS COUNTRY AND OTHER TALES, by Mary J. Sadler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 12mo, \$1.25. The majority of the stories are translations from the German. They are illustrations of life and character, and will be particularly interesting to young people. There are nineteen of them in the volume. The translator introduces three fine ones from her own pen.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish, in a neat 16mo tract, an authorized edition of the address Mr. Gladstone published after surrendering the Premiership, defending his course upon the great question which wrecked his administration. The address is entitled, THE GREAT QUESTION. Part I. History of an Idea. Part II. Lessons of the Election. They cover the whole question with marvelous accuracy, with very quiet and unassuming ability. It looks more like the conservative administration proposed, in save itself by adopting a large part of Mr. Gladstone's policy. The pamphlet is instructive and interesting. 10 cents.

FOREIGN FACTS AND FANCIES, by a Dozen Authors. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This is a gathering of very interesting papers written in different parts of the world, by a selection of writers. It makes a volume, very entertaining as well as instructive volume.

## Magazines.

Harper's for October opens with an article of autumnal interest from the pen of Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, an "Autumn in England," with several full-page illustrations of hunting scenes, which are of great value to the reader, and to the world-be country sportsman, and to the cross-country hound-followers of Newport and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Warren's "Pilgrimage" still holds the place in the illustrated series of the magazine, with very good illustrations. "Springhaven" a good story. "National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers," with its numerous portraits and illustrations of noble buildings, will with much interest, form the chief attraction of this issue. For those who prefer foreign antiquities to home realities, "The Story of Taxis" presents a splendid array of illustrations, with very valuable and instructive text by the well-known author, Amelia B. Edwards, who applies the well-earned degrees of Ph.D. and LL.D. R. H. Stoddard gives a fine long poem, "The Brahmin's Song," for which a French translation is given. "Home Acre" instructions on the management of the kitchen garden, will keep till spring and still hold good. "Bear-keeping" and "Honey-making" are valuable and fully illustrated papers. "U. S. Naval Artillery," giving some interesting facts. T. N. Page and Fred Gray Cone supply the short stories, and there are several poems. As a whole, this is an unusually attractive number.

The Century closes its thirty-second volume, the tenth and the same number, its October issue; and it is a sturdy number. A fine portrait of Björnsterne Björnson forms the frontispiece, and "Norwegian Poet's Home" introduces us to the author's native land and home most charmingly. "Gloster Fishers," with its spirited illustrations, reveals some of the dangers and secrets of the ocean and of those who draw their sustenance there. "The Norwegian Poet's Home" is a charming story, "A Summer Mood." President D. C. Gilman, "Hand-craft and Rede-craft," makes a strong plea for the former.

Excelsior, the magazine of more than ephemeral interest, for it shows what the persevering enterprise of young Americans can accomplish in the fields of research among ancient antiquities, and in the domain of the great architects. "The Biographies of Lincoln" is an admirable sketch of the lives of the two men, J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, whose "Life of Lincoln" will be the feature of the November and following issues; two full-page portraits are given. Mr. Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Acheson," is a most absurd and yet entertaining of recent bits of fiction. Mr. Howells continues his serial, "The Minister's Charge," and puts poor Lemuel through a series of misadventures, illustrating him from one entanglement. Matthew Arnold's address on "Common Schools Abroad" will be read by all interested in school work, and to the advantage. A splendid poem, "The War of Roses," by the author of the papers of this number—"Corinth," "Stonewall Jackson's Last Battle," and "Reminiscences of J. L. G." Margaret J. Preston, all very good. "Certain a Year," will instruct some who want to go abroad how they may do it. "The Ursulines of Quebec" is an admirable historical sketch, in which the publisher's department gives a short story—a rather curious coincidence that he and Mrs. Cone should furnish short stories for both the Century and Harper for the same month. Under the title, "An American Life," the type-writer brings us an excellent illustrated description of the old proverb, "The pen is mightier than the sword," by changing it into, "The type-writer has supplanted the well worded reading." No well-read man or woman neglects the Century.

Edgar Fawcett opens the October Lippincott's with an admirable and strong story, "How to Choose a Library." "How to Choose a Library" is a popular topic, and F. N. Zabriskie, by Luke, gives a most excellent advice to all who wish to collect books to do it right. W. E. Norris, in "Barber's Blunder," still is a favorite attraction. In "Agent of the Keely Motor," W. H. Balch, tells the courage to question Mrs. Moore's extravagant paper on this subject, which appeared in the September number. "An Author who Could Not Help It," and thus making his confession and excuse for being an author. Grant Allen has reached the discussion of proper names in the development of his literary career, and gives us "The History of James." S. S. Nadai writes of "John Welsh" who cause he resembled Washington and will be the next man to look like George Washington. "Barber's Blunder" ought to have a wide readership if all who attend base-ball games read this, it is perhaps somewhat doubtful.

## The Sun.

## FIRST QUARTER.

Sunday.

John.

AT NEW YORK.

THOMAS.

## I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN RULE.

(and said unto them: John 10: 28).

2. DATE: Sunday.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem.

4. PARALLEL: N.A.S.

Luke 24: 30-40.

## II. Introduction.

It was Easter.











Each stationed Methodist minister is an authorized agent for ZION'S HERALD. We hope no one will fail to inform his people that the paper will be sent free to all new subscribers for 1887. Specimen copies free.

To Subscribers on Million Dollar Pledge Cards.

DEAR FRIENDS: It so happens that we are about the Million, that the prompt payment of all subscriptions will bring us clear up to the line. Please do not defer a single day to send the amount forward for which you stand pledged. The time is short. The books close October 31. There are fully \$15,000 outstanding on these cards. Do not delay because the amount is small.

C. C. McCABE.

To Members of the "Million-Dollar League."

All money to count on the Million for 1886, must be in the treasury by Oct. 31. Please report at once.

C. C. McCABE.

(Continued from page 1.)

"Looking unto Jesus." He said we are affected by what we look upon. It transforms us. A joyful scene inspires us, a sad scene saddens. If we look upon the world, we shall be worldly; if upon Christ, we shall be Christ-like. We should look unto Christ because we go the way we look, and because we are compelled to look somewhere; we should look unto Christ as our Redeemer, as our Example, as a sympathizer, for ourselves and steadfastly. The traveler who, swimming the Susquehanna on his horse, looking down at the turbid waters, grew dizzy, looking up, grew steady and reached the shore. Let us look up and not down—at Christ, and not at the world. At the close of the sermon Bro. Byrne said he was glad that Christianity had given us something beautiful to look at—Christ, "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

Rev. J. D. Payson read a paper on the question, "Ought not the Same Question Asked Candidates for the Ministry Concerning the Use of Tobacco be Asked Candidates for Church Membership?" He said: I am no believer in tobacco, yet I think such a question should not be asked candidates for church membership, because there are many good Christians who do not believe the use of tobacco to be sinful; because there are some good Christians who really believe the use of tobacco is good for them; because its use is a matter in regard to which every man must decide for himself. In the remarks which followed the essay, the habit was denounced as essentially filthy and degrading, and the query was raised as to whether or not the same reasons urged against asking the question of candidates for church membership might not hold good against asking it of the ministry. What's good for the priest is good for the people—why not?

Rev. J. H. Bennett presented a paper on "More Frequent Exchange of Pastors from one Conference to Another—Is it Desirable, and How Best Secured?" He said exchanges should be made—when one Conference is destitute and another crowded; when one has cultured and another uncultured preachers; when one has big pulpits and small men, and another has small pulpits and big men; when a brother has unfortunately injured or lost his usefulness in one Conference that may be regained in another. As to how they may best be secured, let it be through presiding elders and bishops; let them be made where needed, and not elsewhere; let them be made without any injustice to either the churches or the ministers. For want of time it was voted to postpone the remaining essays till the February Association. The evening service was a sermon by Rev. J. D. Payson. The writer did not hear it, and therefore can only say that he heard good things of it.

No more interesting session of the Association has been held for a great while, and it is earnestly hoped that subsequent meetings will be fully attended and sustained, and may leave like pleasant memories and gracious and helpful influences. With a vote of thanks for hospitalities received, we turned our steps homeward. Rev. W. W. Ogden, the young and excellent pastor of this people, is in the midst of revival work at Bremen (a part of the charge), and many mercy drops have already fallen. Lord, give us all a shower!

The Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.**  
**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Rev. Dr. Bates presided. A resolution was adopted, requesting the missionary committee at New York to appropriate \$2,000 to the work among the seamen in New England. The committee to arrange for the services of Sam Jones reported that the other denominations having withdrawn, the evangelists Jones and Small will operate in connection with the Methodist churches in this city, beginning the first week in January next. All the pastors in Boston were added to the committee, and the whole matter referred to them. Prof. L. T. Townsend then delivered a very able address on the preparation of a sermon, confining himself particularly to what he called "the mechanics of sermon building." The address was received with great interest. Rev. John C. Wilson, pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church, South, Charleston, S. C., spoke of the earthquake experiences in that city and called for aid from Boston churches in repairing the edifices of

Methodism in that city, and requested that any money collected for this purpose be sent to Bro. Weed, of Zion's Herald.

**Boston, Temple Street.**—For a number of weeks the social meetings have been occasions of power. Last Sunday evening, Miss Charlotte Coates, of London, England, preached a most excellent sermon. She comes to us with the strongest recommendations, and doubtless will be a valuable addition to our corps of evangelists.

**Mariners' Bethel.**—The forty-seventh anniversary of the Sabbath-school of the East Boston Bethel Church was observed Sunday, Oct. 17. Whole number, 750; number removed during the year, 327; received during the year, 367. Many who have removed have been to all parts of the world to witness for the Master. Fourteen nations are represented in the school; 250 of the members have been gathered in from outside of all religious societies, and are making good progress. The exercises were mainly by the members of the school, with an address by the pastor, Rev. L. B. Bates. Fifteen hundred crowded into the church in the evening, and hundreds were unable to find standing room.

**Charlestown.**—The Boston Globe of a recent date says:—

"Rev. Mark Tracton, D. D., preached in the State Prison chapel yesterday morning. The discourse was in the way of a practical talk, and was full of beautiful illustrations. The pathetic words of the aged divine caused many of the prisoners to weep. An officer who has long been connected with the prison said, 'I never heard a better sermon in the chapel in my life.'"

**Malden.**—Pastor Odell rejoices in large congregations both morning and evening. On Sunday evening, Oct. 10, over five hundred attended the prayer-meeting. Great interest and great promptness characterized the service. Bishop Mallalieu preached an able sermon Sunday morning, and at its close took up a collection for the Freedmen's Aid Society, which amounted to \$325.

**Medford.**—Sunday, Oct. 17, was observed as harvest day in this church. There were present the pastor, Rev. L. D. Bragg, the presiding elder, Dr. J. H. Mansfield, and Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D. Mrs. Hale Jacobs, of Malden, sang. Mr. Edward Brown, of Glenwood, presided at the organ, and Mr. H. W. Woods, the organist, played the cornet. There was a large congregation, and after introductory services by the pastor and presiding elder, Bro. Bates preached on "Bringing in the Tithes," and then made the personal application and gave the people a chance to respond. Subscriptions were then taken, additional to those already secured by the pastor, and the whole amount brought up to \$4,000. This was a grand victory for this society.

The presiding elder and Bro. Bates say the church must raise another thousand among themselves, and one thousand more in the town, and then Bro. Mansfield with the pastor will undertake to raise six thousand out of town. At the present time the pastor has \$1,800 of this last six thousand pledged. The pastor and presiding elder will be glad to receive sums of money or subscriptions for this struggling church, as these other subscriptions are largely conditional upon the whole debt of \$12,000 being raised.

**Central Church, Lowell.** have been making long-needed repairs and additions in their vestries, costing some \$800. This amount was very easily and pleasantly raised in the congregation, Sunday morning, Oct. 10. Best of all, souls are frequently at the altar seeking Jesus.

**Worcester, Grace Church.**—Rev. George Whitaker conducted an old folks' service at his church last Sunday evening. About a dozen ladies from the "Old Ladies' Home" were conveyed to the church in carriages, and a large congregation of old people listened with interest to the pastor's address and the old-time hymns and tunes. There were three persons in the number over ninety years of age.

**Westfield.**—The semi-centennial celebration of the organization of the M. E. Church in Westfield was celebrated last week. On Friday evening the Ladies' Parsonage Society gave a banquet and reception. During the evening interesting remarks were made by former pastors—Revs. Mark Trautman, J. B. Husted of Watertown, Daniel Richards of Somerville, J. H. Twombly, C. D. Hills, L. R. Thayer, E. A. Titus, and Rev. Mr. Lockwood, pastor of the Congregational Church. Letters were also read from former pastors, who were not able to be present. On Sunday the services were under the direction of the pastor, Rev. J. M. Leonard, who introduced Hon. Thomas Knell, who read an elaborate historical sketch, which was greatly enjoyed by the large audience assembled. A copy of this address should be secured for the archives of the Methodist Historical Society. Rev. Daniel Richards then read extracts from his journal, kept while pastor of the church in 1865-6. The graphic account of many incidents of his pastorate gave great pleasure to the people, and a request was made for its publication. In the afternoon the Sunday-school session was occupied by addresses from Dr. Twombly and Rev. George Whitaker. A love-feast at 2.30 o'clock was under the charge of Rev. Dr. Twombly. In the evening, excellent addresses were made by Revs. George Whitaker, J. B. Husted, Mark Trautman and J. H. Twombly. A Sunday-school historical concert, which was postponed from the evening, was held a week later, and was fully up to the very high reputation of the Sunday-school in such matters.

**Jamaica Plain.**—Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 13, in the Jamaica Plain church, a beautiful wedding ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Geo. S. Butters, uniting in marriage his only sister, Miss Eleanor, to one of our active young Methodists of Lowell, Mr.

Frederick W. Farnham. Rev. Charles Rice, of the St. Paul's Church, Lowell, the future church home of Mr. and Mrs. Farnham, assisted in the ceremony. At the home no reception was held; only a few gathered after the service to see the beautiful gifts and greet the bride and groom, and shower them with slips and rice on their departure. We wish all joy to our young friends, hoping for them a long and happy life with each other of usefulness for Christ and the church.

RHODE ISLAND.

Rev. W. E. Elia, pastor of the Methodist Church, Westerly, received three from probation and one by letter, Sunday, Oct. 3. Other probationers will be received in full soon.

The seventeenth annual convention of the General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society opened in the Mathewson Street Methodist Church, Providence, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 10.30. Mrs. L. A. Alderman called the meeting to order. Mrs. M. C. Ninde read the Scriptures. Mrs. E. B. Stevens, of Wilmington, Del., offered prayer. Mrs. W. F. Warren, of Boston, was elected president. Mrs. Martin, of Providence, welcomed the delegates to Providence, to which a graceful response was made by Miss Hart, of Baltimore. Rev. N. T. Whitaker, pastor of the church, also gave them a hearty greeting. Mrs. Dr. Thoburn and Miss Easton of India gave interesting addresses in the afternoon, and Dr. Baldwin in the evening. The meetings open with promise of great interest.

MAINE.

The work of God is prospering in Brunswick under the labors of Brother McIntire. Two weeks ago five were baptized at the river—four by sprinkling, and one by immersion. In the afternoon, eleven were received in the church—eight from probation and three by letter. Four have requested prayers in the cottage prayer-meetings. The October meeting of the union holiness convention is to be held with Brother McIntire's church the last week of the month.

Rev. L. H. Bean recently received seven persons into the Methodist church—five from probation, and two by letter. A large congregation was present at the service. The church is enjoying a healthy growth.

The Wesley M. E. Church at Bath have been holding a jubilee home camp-meeting in their church, to celebrate their emancipation from their long-standing debt. Bro. Stackpole was assisted by the preachers in the adjoining churches.

Mr. Samuel Fernald, for many years one of the pillars in the Kittery Methodist Church, died quite suddenly at his home last week. He will be greatly missed in the councils of the church.

On the Sweden charge, under the pastoral labors of Rev. C. M. Abbott, six have sought and found the Lord within a few weeks. A good interest is manifested. Rev. E. T. Adams, presiding elder, baptized five persons, Sunday, Oct. 17.

In the month of September, 1885, the pastor at York, Rev. J. A. Corey, was invited to hold meetings in the school-house, six miles away, at the foot of Mt. Agamenticus. An appointment was made for October. A goodly number came to the first meeting. For several months a preaching service and prayer-meeting were held once in four weeks, with increasing interest. In the month of February, assisted by Brother Ransom B. Crook, a layman from Berwick, the pastor held a four days' meeting, visiting from house to house during the forenoon of each day. God's blessing was given; souls were reclaimed; several were converted; meetings multiplied. Some of the fruit is now being gathered. Three persons were baptized June 20, who afterwards joined the Christian Church. Sunday, Oct. 17, four were baptized who had already joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as probationers. A good interest prevails, and the fields seem white for harvest.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary meeting, held at Biddeford, Sept. 24, was one of much interest. It was called to order at 10 o'clock by Mrs. Rev. J. W. Bashford, who opened it with Scripture reading and prayer. This was followed by praise and testimony. Then came reports from the several auxiliaries on the Portland district, which showed that they were in a very encouraging condition. They number about 500 members, and have contributed during the year \$528.

At noon the delegates present, numbering fifty, partook of a basket lunch, for which they were largely indebted to the ladies of the Biddeford branch. At 1.30 p. m., the meeting was opened by Mrs. Robinson, district secretary, and Mrs. Roberts, of Biddeford, offered prayer. Mrs. Harley, of Old Orchard, read an essay on "Divine Promises Fulfilled." The essay was rich in spiritual thought, and well calculated to inspire confidence and effort. This was followed by talks on encouragements and discouragements in mission work, which were very interesting. Next an essay on "Nanking" was read by Mrs. Woodman, of Biddeford. The claims of this new field of mission labor for the W. F. M. S. were well defined, and the strong appeal of the essay obtained many commendations from those present. The address of Miss Yates, recently a missionary in China, was very timely, and was listened to with great interest. Her description of home life in China made strong appeals both to the love of novelty and the graces of sympathy and prayerfulness.

Being the first meeting of the kind held on the district, it was attempted with doubt and trembling. The success attending it gives promise of future and even more enthusiastic gatherings. The ladies left with reluctance, but with

ardent hope that repetition would be frequent, as solicitations were many.

EAST MAINE.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT.

**Camden.**—The papered windows in the church at Camden being unsatisfactory, as the paper, from the climate or some unknown cause, was continually falling off, have been removed and replaced with stained glass windows. One lady has lately professed conversion and united with the class, and another has been received to church membership.

**Searsport.**—An excellent religious interest pervades the congregation in this place. A number of persons have lately expressed a desire for special remembrance in the prayers of Christians, having the purpose to live a Christian life.

**Bristol.**—Sabbath, Sept. 19, two adults were received to membership in the church at New Harbor. Two converts have been received to probation. The Sabbath-school lately organized in this section of the town now numbers 120 children and adults.

A protracted meeting at Fyler's Corner, within the North and West Waldo-boro circuit, has resulted in a number of persons asking an interest in the prayers of Christian people. Seven or eight of them have fully decided to live a Christian life. Already some of the number are rejoicing in the witness of the Spirit assuring them that they are the children of Christ's adoption. They have united with the church as probationers.

Oct. 3, one person was publicly consecrated to Christ Jesus and His service in the holy sacrament of baptism, and two were received to full membership in the church at South Thomaston.

A strong and increasing religious interest is enjoyed at Southport. One recent convert is added to the number of workers, telling of the mighty power of Christ to save.

Six persons have received the ordinance of baptism at the hands of their pastor in the Montville and Palermo charge since the last report respecting the work there.

**Pittston.**—Twelve persons have given themselves to Christ in holy baptism, and thirteen have been received into the church. The good work of salvation is still advancing, and recent converts are happy in the love of Jesus.

**East Boothbay.**—Ten recent converts are happy, having the witness of the Spirit that they have passed from death unto life. Five were received to the church, Oct. 10, by certificate.

**Bremen.**—A glorious revival work is in progress. More than twenty-five have said, "Pray for us; we would see Jesus." They find that Christ Jesus is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and that it is the will of the Father "that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life."

C. A. P.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Our greatly-afflicted brother, Rev. N. M. Bailey, will deeply appreciate, as he most assuredly will have, the sympathy and prayers of his brethren of the New Hampshire Conference, while he sits lonely and desolate in the shadow of the greatest bereavement of his life. His wife, Caroline M. Bailey, after many years of suffering and patient waiting, passed peacefully away from her home in Webster, N. H., to the better home above, on Sunday evening, Oct. 10. The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held at Berwick, Me., on Thursday, the 14th inst., and were impressively conducted by Rev. O. H. Jasper, D. D., who will doubtless prepare an obituary in due time. Mrs. B. was a woman of superior intelligence and of rare Christian excellence. Her beautiful character and useful life will be a priceless legacy, full of comfort to the sorrowing husband and children.

J. W. A.

**Gleanings.**—Sunday, Oct. 10, Bro. Parkhurst had the privilege of garnering a harvest of six months' growth, in the reception of eighteen persons, principally adults, into the church at Dover.

The Y. M. C. A. of New Hampshire held their annual meeting at Dover, beginning Sept. 30, and continuing over the Sabbath. The meetings were held in the Methodist church, and were largely attended. All the services from the opening to the close were full of interest. It was one of the best annual gatherings the Association has ever held in the State. The people of Dover are glad they invited them to come there.

The Dover Methodist Church, through its Ladies' Society, have arranged for an interesting course of lectures this winter. Dr. Howard Henderson, of New York, is to lecture on "The Swords of Grant and Lee." Dr. Buckley pronounces this the great lecture of the age. Chaplain McCabe is to tell of "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." Smith Baker, D. D., of Lowell, "Cromwell, the great Commonwealther," and Dr. Buckley will close the course with his lecture on "Quakerism." A rare treat is in store for the people of Dover.

**NOTICE.** A Convention for the Promotion of Holiness will be held at Whitefield, N. H., commencing Monday evening, Nov. 8, and closing Friday evening, Nov. 12. Services at 10, 2, and 7.30, daily. The meeting will be in charge of Rev. G. A. McLaughlin. Brothers Fowler, White, Cairns, and others will be present and assist. Brethren and friends from neighboring churches are cordially invited. Entertainment will be furnished to those who write before Nov. 5.

S. E. QUIMBY.

**LAYING A CORNER-STONE.**—The cornerstone of the Ashbury M. E. Church, Providence, R. I., will be laid with appropriate services on Monday, Nov. 1, at 2.30 p. m. Address by Rev. Frederick Woods, D. D., of Hyde Park, Mass. Former pastor, and pastor and lady of neighboring churches, are cordially invited.

W. J. SMITH, Pastor.

Money Letters from Oct. 16 to Oct. 23.

N. M. Brown, 8 G. Bagnall, H. H. Cox, B. W. Cunniff, J. F. Chamberlain, A. S. Lewis, B. W. Moore, D. S. Monroe, E. A. Mank, E. A. Moore, A. Royle, E. S. Spencer, G. H. Walker, M. Young.

IMPORTANT.

When visiting New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite the Grand Central Depot. 600 Handsomely Furnished Rooms at \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators, and all Modern Conveniences.

Restaurants supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads at all depots. You can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city.

Marriages.

[Marriage notices over a month old not inserted.]  
HILL, — RUSSELL — In Arlington, Mass., by Rev. B. K. Pease, D. D., Aaron Bartlett Hill, of Beverly, and Harriet T. Russell, of A.

WATSON — NEILLER — In Marblehead, Oct. 7, by Rev. J. T. Fournier, Samuel J. Watson, of Lynn, and Sarah J. Neiller, daughter of Joseph Neiller, of A.

BACKUS — STEINGART — In Polip, Oct. 20, by Rev. Geo. E. Brightman, Wm. S. Backus of New Bedford, and Lucy M. Steingart, of N.

HOWARD — DAY — At the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. S. Weeks, in Winochet, Vt., Oct. 14, by Rev. C. W. Morse, of Glover, Rev. H. E. Howard, pastor of the M. E. Church in Derby, and Carrie E. Day, of W.

BROWN — ADAMS — In Colchester, Conn., Oct. 19, by Rev. M. T. Palmer, Lucius C. Brown and Ella J. Adams, both of C.

DUNN — JACKSON — In S. Bethel, Me., Sept. 29, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Valmore Dunn, of Bethel, and Mrs. Lizzie Jackson, of Washington, Me.

HATCH — THOMPSON — In Exeter, N. H., Oct. 18, by Rev. J. W. Adams, at the residence of the bride's parents, Juan E. Hatch and Eliza J. Thompson.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the third page Every Week for announcements of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Holiness Meeting, in Wesleyan Hall, No. 36 Bromfield St., at 2 p. m., every Monday.  
Holiness Meeting, at No. 30 Worcester St., every Monday evening.

Holiness Meeting, at the new hall, 16 Union Park St., near Washington, every Thursday evening.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CLAR MONT DISTRICT — THIRD QUARTER.  
OCT.  
Bristol, 18;  
Contoosook, 21;  
Bridgton, 23, 24;  
Milford, 24;  
New Ipswich, 25.

NOV.  
Hudson, 1;  
Winchester, 6, 7;  
Hinsdale, 7, eve;  
Chesterfield, 8;  
Keene, 9;  
Andover, 13, 14;  
North Chatham, 15;  
West Unity, 16.

DEC.  
W. Grantham, 4, 5;  
Grantham, 5;  
Lebanon, 5;  
East Canaan, 7;  
Sunapee, 11, 12;  
Newport, 12, eve;  
Littleton, N. H.

J. E. ROBIN, P. E.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. E. Tinker, 79 North St., Portland, Me.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—The fiscal year of the Missionary Society closes Oct. 31. All money to count on the Million for 1886 should be in the Treasury at New York before that date.

C. C. McCABE.

**THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY** will hold a Convention at Grace Church, Worcester, Nov. 11.

**PROGRAMME.**  
10 a. m., Devotional Services; 10.15, Address of Welcome, Rev. George Whitaker; 10.25, Reply by Pres. Rev. F. Woods; 10.35, The Present State of the Temperance Cause in Massachusetts, Rev. David S. Leonard; followed by ten minutes' speeches.  
1.30 p. m., Devotional Services; 1.45, Constitutional Prohibition, Rev. W. L. Haven; volunteer speeches of ten minutes; 3.15, Temperance Work with Children and Youth, Mrs. Ida L. Cloutier; 7.30 p. m., Devotional Services; 7.45, How shall we Save the Drunkard? Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D.; 8.15, How shall we Secure Constitutional Prohibition? Hush Montgomerie; 8.45, Woman's Work in the Temperance Cause, Miss E. S. Tobey.

\* Expected. F. NICHOLS, Sec'y.

**ALPHA NOTICE.**—Regular monthly meeting of the Alpha, Monday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 2.30 p. m., at Trustees' Room, Jacob Steyer Hall, Review of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Rev. A. H. Herrick, of Ashburnham. Critique by Rev. J. H. Humphrey, of Reading. Geo. S. BUTTERS, Sec'y.

Physicians Test.

The physicians in Lowell, who are testing the Moxie Nerve Food plant on paralysis and nervous exhaustion, in addition to the number already reported, have recovered a Mrs. Brock, of Barnet, Vt., a long time helpless; a Mrs. Cheney, 18 Bleachery Street, Lowell, who was not expected to live. Its greatest popularity springs from the fact that it substitutes stimulants and tonics without harm, and imparts great powers of endurance. The apothecaries are besieged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

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If you are afflicted with Catarrh of the Bladder, or any other urinary complaint, we will send you a complete set of our "Catarrh Sample" FREE of charge. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy, and will cure you in a short time. Write to us at once for a free sample.



## The Family.

### THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Sweet is the Sabbath on these autumn days!  
The soft grey morning steals in silently  
Upon the restful world, nor wakes too soon  
The men and women, weary of the week  
Of the busy days that lie between  
The resting spaces. All the streets are hushed,  
Only the sparrow chirps his matin song;  
No sound of hurrying feet, no shrill, harsh cry  
Disturbs the slumberers, who may sleep on  
And take their earned repose. It is God's day,  
And, Father-like, He gives it back to man  
For peace and rest and gladness of the heart.

Out in the country calm broods o'er the fields;  
They, too, have done their work and they may rest.  
The meadow has been beautiful with grass,  
The golden corn has bent before the breeze,  
The hedges and the orchards with ripe fruit  
Have been adorned. Nothing has been done,  
But everything has been in the right to sleep,  
And when the Sabbath to the broad land comes,  
A deeper silence holds the forest trees,  
The waters do but whisper forth their praise,  
And all the spreading pastures are at rest.

But when we keep the harvest-festival,  
How joyous is the waking of the world  
To Sabbath morning pleasures! The glad bells  
Strike through the air like welcomes to a feast.  
And kindling eyes that have grown clear in sleep  
Open with smiles, and look upon the day  
As if an angel had come down from heaven  
With blessings to distribute. Love is first,  
Love dwells with rest and quietness. The rush,  
And strife, and tumult of the world  
Almost kill love; out leisure and sweet peace  
Bring healing, and the recreation of love  
To masterful things very tenderness.  
Then gratitude awakes within the heart,  
And gifts of God stand forth in morning light  
For our glad eyes to look on, and we see  
The half-forgotten treasures that we hold,  
And wonder at the yet unbroken store  
Within our keeping. Hope, too, springs to life,  
And, pointing to the records of the past,  
Spreads out before us an unwritten page,  
Yet to be filled with chronicles of good.

And so the people crowd within the gates  
Of the good Father's house, and all the parts  
Are decked with flowers and fruits. The luscious plums,  
The golden apples, and the purple grapes,  
Hide in the ferns and laugh among the leaves;  
And mimic sheaves of corn stand forth to show  
How bountiful the harvest-wealth has been.  
The men and women bring their little ones,  
And looking on the sight have thankful thoughts.

Of all that the great Father does for them,  
Each one has had some harvest of his own.  
To gather—grains of mountains and fair lakes  
And bounding billows seas; or gift of love,  
With some dear presence making glad the heart;  
Or victory in some fight; or good success  
Where failure had been feared; or health renewed  
After a sickness; or, the best of all,  
The touch of His kind hand upon the head  
In gracious pardon, and the joy restored  
Of His salvation. In a thousand ways  
The Father fills our hearts with good things;  
And happy in the harvest festival  
Because we see our blessings gathered around,  
And while we help to fill His courts with praise  
Vow to obey and serve Him all our days.

### CLARA BARTON.

BY E. E. D.

Some one has said, the moral of biography is that by heroic encouragements it holds us to our task. So the life of every consecrated worker is a sort of sermon with a "Go thou and do thou likewise" for a text. The doing the duty which lies nearest, may involve self-denying toil, but what are toil and self-denial to the ardent, enthusiastic soul? We read of deeds of love with kindling aspirations, and would follow, if never so humbly, in the same way of loving service. During the horrors of our civil war, many of our countrywomen "planned nobly" and "executed grandly." Foremost among these were Clara Barton, whose fine achievements remind us of those of that other angel of mercy, Florence Nightingale.

In North Oxford, Mass., Clara Barton was born one glad Christmas day. As the youngest of a large family, she passed a free and happy childhood, beloved and loving. At the early age of eleven she exhibited that patient devotion in caring for another which has been the conspicuous feature of her mature life. A brother was an invalid for a long period, and for two years Clara waited upon him day and night with untiring zeal.

At sixteen she began to teach in the district schools of her neighborhood, and showed a ready power in controlling others, for her pupils were of spurning authority. Anxious to obtain a thorough education, she went later to Clinton, N. Y., where she completed her studies, afterward accepting a position as teacher in New Jersey. Here in the establishment of a free school in Bordentown, she performed a wonderful work. There was a strong prejudice against the undertaking, but she assumed the responsibility and the expense for a period of three months. She began with six pupils, but the final result was a triumph success. In a year there was a fine school building with five hundred pupils enrolled.

Her health suffering from too severe application, she went to Washington for a change of climate and rest. At this time the business of the Patent Office was involved, and the commissioner was seeking a trustworthy person to assist in straightening affairs. Miss Barton was highly recommended, and her services promptly secured. This introduced a new era, for hitherto only men had been employed. Instead of kindly welcoming the woman clerk, these chivalrous (?) individuals combined to oust her from her position by efforts to render it insupportable. But a principle was involved, and insult and slander were alike unavailing. Clara Barton's accusers were discharged, and the persecution ceased. She remained in the Patent Office three years, resigning when the war broke out.

Miss Barton was in Washington when the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers arrived there from Baltimore. The first blood of the war had been spilled, and she was one of those who attended to the wants of the wounded men, meeting them at the station, and afterward visiting them in their quarters and rendering every possible assistance. From that hour she devoted herself with enthusiasm to the

needs of the soldiers, bringing a clear head and warm heart to the solving of many a knotty problem. She became a connecting link between the soldiers and their home friends. She wrote letters for the men, and comforts and delicacies for them were entrusted to her care until the large warehouses which she hired were in a chronic state of overflow. As the faithful almoner of the bounty of others, she met with many perplexities, and obstacles multiplied as regiments moved a greater distance from Washington.

In her frequent trips down the Potomac, her tender heart was pained at the sight of the dreadful sufferings of the wounded men—sufferings which might have been greatly relieved by humane attendance upon the battlefield where they fell. She formed the heroic resolve to go to the front, and after encountering many discouragements, her wish was granted. She was furnished with means of transportation for herself and her supplies, and how noble a use she made of her opportunities the records show. "In the crypt of the old Cathedral at Glasgow, facing toward the statue of John Knox, in an illuminated window, and above it these simple words, in broad Scotch: 'Let the dead shew.'" We catch glimpses of her, first in this battle, then in that; ever at the front, often exposed to the pitiless fire, her clothing pierced and torn, but the precious life safe as if preserved by an angel of God. To the soldiers for whom she so tenderly cared she seemed like a special messenger from the Divine One, and who shall say she was not? They called her the "Angel of the Battlefield." And thus from the beginning to the end, undismayed by winter cold or summer heat, this tireless woman worked side by side with the surgeons, and shrank not from any risk, however great. She saw in the wounded soldier a sufferer only, and soothed the agonies of all, whether they wore the blue or the gray; a noble humanity, which sometimes exposed her to accusations of disloyalty to her nation's cause.

Toward the close of the war her father died, but she put aside her own sorrow to minister to the sore necessities of others. She was under appointment by the President to correspond with the friends of missing prisoners. The work increased, and she finally established a Bureau of Records of the missing men of the United States armies—records which proved of inestimable value to the government, and to the friends of the soldiers. She was connected with this Bureau for four years, receiving then as hitherto no compensation for her services, content in the consciousness of worthy work done for her country and for humanity. During this period large audiences listened with intensest interest to her reminiscences of the war.

In 1869, while in Geneva where she had gone for rest, Miss Barton was invited by the International Committee of Geneva to join the Society of the Red Cross. This Society aims to relieve the suffering attending war, and invites all nations to join with it in furthering its humane object. The members of this Society work under a treaty of neutrality, and to the honor of humanity its treaty has been quite generally signed by civilized nations, and by some scarcely less as such. The idea of its work was in part suggested to philanthropic gentlemen by the operations of our Sanitary Commission during our late war. This Society works under a uniform flag, and when engaged in service its members wear an arm-badge. The design on flag and badge is a red cross on a white ground, and the name of the Society is taken from the flag. The colors of the design are those of Switzerland's national flag reversed. This Society attempts to care for the wounded on the field where they fall; no distinctions are made; the sufferer is freely helped, no matter on which side he fought.

Miss Barton was thoroughly in sympathy with the broad principles upon which this Society was established, and when in 1870 France declared war against Prussia, she worked with enthusiasm under the Red Cross flag. She studied the working of the Society, and was amazed that it accomplished so much. She says: "There is not a peace society on the face of the earth so potent, so effectual against war, as the Red Cross of Geneva." Strange to say, the United States had failed to sign the treaty of the Society, and Miss Barton said: "If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty." After engaging for weeks in the Society's work, Miss Barton went to Karlsruhe to visit the Grand Duchess of Baden, where she remained until the siege of Strasbourg was ended. The Grand Duchess was a devoted member of the Red Cross Society, and worked with equal ardor for the relief of the suffering, but her country's friends or foes. Strasbourg at length yielded, and the humane workers hastened to the relief of the wounded. There were many to care for the soldiers, and Miss Barton chose to devote herself to the poor people who had remained in the besieged city, many of whom were almost dying of starvation. She did a noble work—to those who watched it "well-nigh miraculous"—in assisting poverty-stricken women, the victims of siege, in this and in other cities, and rendered efficient service to the poor of Paris in the fading days of the Commune.

The Grand Duchess of Baden remains Miss Barton's steadfast friend. She gave her as a parting gift a gold and enamel Red Cross brooch, and the Grand Duke honored her with Baden's Gold Cross of Remembrance. The Emperor of Germany testified his appreciation of her services by presenting her with Germany's Iron Cross of Merit, only given in recognition of special acts of heroism on the battlefield.

Miss Barton's health gave way under the stress of arduous labors, and a serious illness compelled her to tarry in London for a time. But in 1873 she returned to America, and as soon as her health allowed, she went to Washington

to plead the claims of the Geneva treaty. But the years passed, and no decided step was taken until President Garfield formally approved the treaty, which was at length signed by President Arthur. This Society, which aims "to oppose the arms of charity to the arms of violence, and to make a kind of war upon war itself," bears in our country the name of the "American Association of the Red Cross," and is made to provide for the divers calamities to which we as a people are liable. The Society has already accomplished much in sending relief in cases of flood and pestilence; and wherever communities suffer, there is Clara Barton and other tireless members of the Red Cross. Miss Barton became superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women in Sherborn, Mass., in 1883, but is still president of the Red Cross Society, to which she was appointed by the lamented Garfield. Her heart's desire is that the men and women of her country shall assume the responsibility of this grand work, and that people everywhere may rally to the banner of the Red Cross.

### ONLY.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

Only picking roses in the dusty lane,  
Where the tangled clover wastes its sweets in rain;  
Red-cheeked, blushing softly at the faintest sound,  
Dearest little maiden in the lanes around;  
Life seems sweet and radiant, decked in royal sheen;  
Only picking roses in the hedges green.

Only strolling idly where the corn grows tall,  
Seeing if the grain-field promise bears for fall;  
Strolling in his meadows, down the lane he goes,  
Looking in the hedges—happily for a rose;  
At a blue dress flutter how his pulses beat;  
Only strolling idly 'mid the corn and wheat.

Summer eve is lovely; but 'twixt sweeter far,  
Seen to more advantage where two strollers are.  
One is lonely walking, two make just a pair.  
Ah! the soft bright blushes shame the roses rare.

If some tender love words on a shy ear fell,  
Who shall be the wiser? Roses cannot tell.  
Methuen, Mass.

### "GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

BY KATHARINE LEST STEVENSON.

"My wife? Humph! You don't know my wife, sir. She's always ready to receive visitors. I made it my one rule when we began housekeeping. Said I, 'Helen, we may not have the finest kind of cookery on our table, but there's one thing must always be there, a knife and fork for the stranger that is within our gates.' We've followed that rule almost to the letter for fifteen years, and it's wonderful how the Lord honors the cheerful giver; there pretty generally is a stranger within our gates, while our neighbors—"

"I should think there might be," interrupted Deacon Grant's companion, with an amused smile. "If you had him on the road a mile from your home, and force him back with you in spite of himself; on wash-day, too; he continued, apologetically, as emerging from the stable door, he saw a tall, slender woman coming around the corner of the house with a basket piled high with newly-washed clothes.

"Wash-day? Well, what if it is? Folks can't on wash-day, don't they? Helen?" as they approached the clothes-line—"this is Dr. Brownell, the young man who is going to put out his sign in our village. I was lucky enough to meet him on the road just now, so I brought him back to dinner. Near ready, ain't it?"

"Very nearly, James. How do you do, sir? The clothes-yard is hardly the place for a formal introduction, but all times and seasons are alike to my husband," and the smile which lighted Mrs. Grant's once beautiful, but now sadly worn, face, had in it a tinge of bitterness which did not escape the doctor's watchful eye.

"Poor woman!" he murmured to himself; "it's just as her aunt told me; she's a daily immolation on the altar of hospitality."

"Of course they are," said the Deacon, all unconscious of this by-play of thought; "where's the difference in times and seasons? If a man's ready to receive his friends on Thursday afternoon, why shouldn't he be ready on Monday morning? A friend's a friend, and a day's a day. I don't see that it matters much what name you call it. But come into the house, doctor, you'll melt in this broiling sun; and the Deacon led the way, through the vine-covered porch, into the cool sitting-room.

The doctor sank into the easy-chair proffered him, with a sigh of relief. It was such a change from the glare outside—this dimly room, with its screened windows, its floor covered with cool matting, its vases of delicate flowers.

"Isn't it delicious?" he exclaimed. "Yes," said the Deacon, "this is what I call comfort. Excuse me if I take off my coat? After a hot day's work, to come in and stretch yourself on this lounge for an hour is something worth while, and I enjoy it twice as much if there's somebody with me."

An opening door just then let in the rattle of dishes from an adjoining room, and the doctor found himself wondering how many hours a day Mrs. Grant took to enjoy the coolness; but he only said, "You are a very hospitable man, Deacon Grant."

"Well!" said the Deacon, with the air of a man who, though not unconscious of his merits, could yet be humble in that consciousness; "I've always considered hospitality one of the cardinal virtues—in fact, I may say the cardinal one. What greater commendation could the Master pronounce than 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in? I was tried to live with that passage

before me for the past fifteen years, and I can assure you that no one was ever turned empty from my door. Why, I've had dozens of poor fellows stop here months at a time when they've been looking for work. I don't say it boastfully, but you can ask Deacon Grant's reputation anywhere about here, and you'll be told that I'm 'given to hospitality.'"

"You must be peculiarly fortunate in securing servants," said the young doctor quietly, "else the strain of so much generosity would come very heavily upon your wife."

"Well, no," said the Deacon uneasily, "it's pretty hard work to get good help, that's a fact, especially as I can't afford to pay fancy prices. We have only a young girl this summer, but an old maid of mine is living here, who is as spry as a cricket and helps about a good deal. Then we have no children, and woman's work is nothing anyhow."

"I think your wife looks far from well, and as if she were working much beyond her strength," said the doctor in his most assured professional tone.

"Who? Helen? Oh, no, she always looks that way, and she's perfectly well. I never heard her complain in the fifteen years we've lived together."

But the thought evidently troubled the good doctor, for, after a few irrelevant remarks, he excused himself, and the doctor heard his voice a moment later: "Is there anything I can do to help you women folks?"

"No, nothing," was the sharp reply; "housework isn't a man's business. But I don't wonder you ask, James; it does seem as if dinner wouldn't be done to-day. Helen kin take the longest time 'n' do the least of any woman I know. Why, when I was her age—"

Just what happened at that remote period the doctor never learned, for at that moment he heard Mrs. Grant's voice: "You may call your friend to dinner, James."

Dr. Brownell did not need that dinner hour in order to assure himself that Mrs. Grant was a sick, overworked woman; nevertheless, that dinner hour gave him much light upon the subject.

The slatternly, helpless-looking servant girl was a revelation; as were the three staid farm hands who were, evidently, fixtures at her table for the season. The tall, vinegary-looking old lady whom Deacon Grant introduced—with a certain touch of pride which reminded one strikingly of "Mr. F's Aunt"—as "my Aunt Myra," was the greatest revelation of all. Her position in the household seemed to be that of chief grumbler; nothing on the table was right—the tea was cold, the steak scorched, the potatoes underdone; while, at every possible opportunity, a sly barb of stinging Scotch sarcasm was hurled at Mrs. Grant herself. She parried these blows as lightly as possible, but the doctor was not surprised that at last the tears rose to her eyes and she hurriedly excused herself for a moment, while Aunt Myra, under her breath, muttered, "Baby!" What did surprise him was her husband's utter oblivion of all that was passing.

The meal was nearly finished before he found the opportunity to break through the Deacon's incessant stream of conversation and say, "I have a slight acquaintance with an aunt of yours, Mrs. Grant—Miss Deborah Holbrook."

The face lifted to his was transfigured while its owner eagerly exclaimed, "Do you know my husband's wife? My Aunt Debby? Oh, do you know her? Do you live in Cliftonville? Have you known her long? Is she well? When did you see her last?"

"No," said the doctor laughingly, "my home is not in Cliftonville, but I spent a few weeks there just before coming here, and made her acquaintance then. She is very well. I saw her the morning I left, and she charged me, when I saw you, to tell you that she should certainly expect you for a long visit this fall."

"Humph!" said the Deacon, sullenly; while Aunt Myra snapped out, "Does she think car rates have gone down? or that you have come into possession of a million—"

But even that sneer could not take the happy light out of Mrs. Grant's eyes. "Thank you," she said in an earnest tone, as the doctor was leaving the room; "it is almost like seeing Aunt Deborah herself to see some one who knows her. I shall write her that I have met you."

"Say, too, that I advise you, by all means, to accept her invitation."

"Thank you, but"—with a patient little sigh—"I fear that will be impossible this year."

"Is Aunt Myra a constant inmate of your home?" asked the doctor of the Deacon while making his adieu.

"Well, she's been with us the biggest part of two years," was the rejoinder. "She has no near relatives except a brother, and somehow he and his wife can't seem to get along with her. I felt sorry for the poor old body, so I asked her here on a visit, and she's staid ever since. To be sure, she's abundantly able to pay her board anywhere, but then, that ain't my idea of hospitality. She's a little peculiar in some things, perhaps, but bless me! a baby could get along with Aunt Myra."

"Yes, a baby might," thought the doctor, "but not a sensitive, overwrought woman, whose every nerve on the surface, and quivering at the slightest touch." But he prudently held his peace, knowing from a certain look in the Deacon's eye that Aunt Myra was a sore topic in the Grant household.

### MICE AND MEN.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Mice and men are associated in the familiar Scotch proverb, so I connect them here, though, as a matter of fact, there was only one mouse and one man.

Perhaps you remember that, in a former letter, I said I had not discovered any "outs" about the new parsonage. I have now discovered one—a tiny, brown mouse in the pantry. But he looked so meek and inoffensive, that I had not the heart—or something—to kill him, so I stood on a chair and called the minister to do it.

But it is the man, after all, who has been "out," and that man is the afore-said minister.

Not that he has been doing anything that is likely to get into the papers, but he has developed a remarkable regard for his brethren of the ministry. This, as you know, is a district of magnificent distances; if you don't believe it, ask the presiding elder of the Springfield district. In spite of this fact, the preachers manage to meet each other almost as often as they used to in the Boston Monday meeting. First, it is a "Pastors' Retreat"—the mysteries of this deponent knoweth not, though I examined my husband's shoes when he got home, to see if he was wearing any peas in them, or other form of penance. I regret to say I found none.

Following that have come conventions, "bro' days' meetings," as the colored brother called them, and special revival services, until I might almost as well be a presiding elder's wife, or a bishop's, or even a drummer's.

On such occasions my minister always takes a slim, brown bag—just the right shape to hold a sermon. One morning last week, when he took it out, I knew he was going.

"I suppose you won't have to stay over night, this time," I said cheerfully.

"Well, I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I don't intend to stay unless I think it is the Lord's will."

As he said this I noticed him tucking his night-shirt into the slim, brown bag. I looked straight at him, and simply said, "My dear, the Lord knows you are taking that night-shirt, and He isn't likely to refuse such willing servants as that." And, sure enough, it was the Lord's will for him to stay.

Now, the Boston Preachers' Meeting was all right. It was quite convenient to have a safe, dry dock in which to anchor the minister during the damp, domestic operations of Monday work, and to have him come home fresh and bright for supper; but this having to lock the house, wind the clock, and put out the milk can, while the minister is off helping his brethren, calls for a humble protest, which I herewith make.

Greenfield, Mass.

### THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE LAMB.

BY REV. R. L. BRUCE.

Sweeps through the arches of eternal glory  
The song of songs which earth has never known;  
Triumphantly Redemption's finished story  
Pours its rich tides around the eternal Throne.

The full, deep bass of Sinai's rolling thunder,  
And Calvary's divine notes of love  
Born in the heart for us here rent asunder,  
Blend in supreme harmony above.

White River Junction, Vt.

### The Little Folks.

#### SOME KNOWING CATS.

BY A. M. TURNER.

No family seems quite complete without a cat; but these furry friends of ours are always compared with the more intelligent dog, and do not get half the credit for brightness which they deserve. Some of the good qualities of cats have been put on record, and they are well worth knowing. Many cats can open doors with latches, and one in South Carolina could even seize a knob and turn it, while still another pussy used to hold on the door with one paw, while she would thrust the other right through the knocker and rap twice. In Dumfriesshire, Scotland, lived a cat and dog which were great friends. The dog was carefully put out each night, but every morning he was found comfortably lying before the fire with the cat. The master watched, and one night he heard a rap at the back door leading to the kitchen; the cat jumped up at the latch, and the dog entered in triumph. This nice little arrangement had been going on for some time.

Cats have been known to jump on a chair and look at a bell which is pulled for their milk, and some can even ring for their own supper. An old lady and her family were once so frightened by a late ringing of the door-bell, that they rushed downstairs armed with poker and tongs to meet the burglar—only to find pussy ringing to get into the house.

Although cats hate the water, they love fish, and a certain cat used to go fishing with her master, wading into shallow water and eating the little fish; while another used to dive in the sea, bringing out live fish in his mouth, and giving them to the sailors for their own use. She had been trained by diving for water-rats, and loved the water as a Newfoundland dog does.

Some cats travel with their owners, and Rosey, a very intelligent creature, would sit on her mistress's knee, look out of the window, and touch her chest with her paw, making a pretty little sound, whenever she saw anything she liked.

Cats have a wonderful instinct for finding their way home. A cat and dog which had lived together for ten months, were once sent some distance as a present, tied up together in a bag. A little after, they started for their old home, and walked thirteen miles, jogging along the road side by side, the dog meeting the cat from another dog they met. Another sagacious puss, carried from home in a bag, was known to go back a distance of five miles, swim-

ming two rivers, one eighty feet wide and two and a half feet deep, the other wider but shallower.

Cats show great ingenuity in catching their game. One cat would lay a piece of meat by a rat's hole, and then catch the rat when he came up to get the dainty morsel. Another used a little bird to decoy a large one, touching him to make him cry, while at the same time she had to keep him from springing upon him. In a family where crumbs from the table were thrown out for the birds, a cat used to watch in ambush, hoping to catch some of the birds. For a few days the servants stopped their usual practice, and pussy was seen herself scattering the crumbs!

Cats often make friends with other animals. A horse in the royal stables at Windsor Castle had a cat so fond of him that she always sat on his back when in the stable. To please her, the horse slept standing, but this was so bad for his health, that his friend was taken from him. A cat and dog used to steal together from the larder. The cat would mew for the dog when the coast was clear, and one day they were caught, as the cat with one paw kept open a dish-cover and with the other threw down good things for the dog. One cat would allow a canary to sit upon her head, while another puss went to sleep on the back of some friendly ducks. A happy family used to be exhibited where rats and mice nestled under a cat, while a blackbird and starling sat upon her head and back. When a cat's kittens have been killed, she has been known to bring up young dogs or squirrels in their place; and a Brooklyn cat used to hatch eggs, lying full length upon them, and showing great affection for the five broods of chickens which she raised.

In a Swiss cottage a cat was poisoned, and her paws were so hot that she dipped them in water to cool the fever. The cat came for help to her mistress, who wrapped the burning paws in wet linen, gave her gruel, and finally cured her. One evening the lady had gone up to bed, when she heard a mew, and opening the window, found the cat had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house. She had a mouse in her mouth which she left at her mistress's feet. For more than a year the grateful cat kept bringing mice to her mistress, who would thank her with a pleased look, and then the cat gave the game to her kittens. Now there is nothing a cat loves as much as a mouse, so pussy surely showed her thankfulness as plainly as possible.

Cats often show great kindness to other animals in trouble. Two tame sea-gulls, each with a clipped wing, were kept in the same family with a young cat; puss pitied them, as they could not hunt, and brought them little birds and mice, which the gulls solemnly gobbled. Another cat stole a piece of meat and ran off with it, dropping it into a hole where a miserable cat had fallen in and could not get out. A doctor ordered meat and wine for a sick ploughman who had no money to pay, after his wife had given up her wedding dress and ring. But they had an affectionate cat, Mysie, and she helped them, as the wife's story will tell. "Surely, sir, was the Lord himself that put it into that cat's head; for the same night she brought in a fine young rabbit, and laid it on the veranda; and the next same, and every night the same for a month, while a rabbit and whites a bird, till George was up and going to his work as usual. But she never brought anything home after that."

One faithful cat walked her mistress sitting before the fire, just in time to save her from burning; another, as her dress was already blazing; another warned some servants that a man was hidden in the chimney; and a man testified in court at Birmingham that a cat waked him by patting his face, and so warned him of the presence of burglars. An old Irishwoman had a cat which never left her, and even stayed by her body after death. When her nephew tried to enter the room, the cat sprang at him and nearly strangled him. Eighteen months after, on his death-bed, the man confessed that he had killed his aunt for her money. On the battlefield of Sebastopol, several days after the engagement, cats were found clinging to their masters' knapsacks; they were mere skeletons, but were still faithful to their friends. A cat does not become attached as easily as a dog, but when her confidence is once given, nothing can exceed her fidelity.

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## METHODISM IN WOODSTOCK, CONN.

[An historical address, delivered at Woodstock, Conn., at the 100th anniversary of the birth of Rev. A. A. Phelps, pastor of the M. E. Church.]

Methodism in the year 1795 by Jesse Lee, on a journey through Connecticut, superintending his New England work as presiding elder.

At the close of day in the month of May, a stranger stopped at the gate of a farm-house in Northwest Woodstock. His appearance was somewhat peculiar—a large man in stature, clothed like a quaker, riding one horse, with another following at its side as attached companions on a journey. Across his saddle hung a pair of saddle-bags which contained his wardrobe, a Bible, a Methodist Discipline, and a few other books. He asked for a night's lodging, and the privilege of preaching some where in the neighborhood, telling the family, as they gathered at the gate, that he was a Methodist preacher journeying hither with good tidings. He was invited into the house, and the children were dispatched hither and yon through the sparsely populated neighborhood to call the people together to hear the stranger and his new doctrine, as it was then called by the said Puritans, for its fame had already spread here, and was the subject of inquiry at the village post-office where the not very frequent mails arrived. Consequently everybody, old and young, as far as the word reached, hastened thither, without even, in many instances, stopping to rake up the fire on the wide hearths, for stoves were then unknown.

In a short time the large house was quite well filled with eager listeners. He took for his text Rev. 22: 17: "The Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." He dwelt largely upon the last clause of the verse—on the fullness and freeness of salvation; like the waters of the ocean, the mists, the rains, the springs and the rivers, abundant, free for every one, that whosoever will may take the waters of life freely. Dealing heavy blows at the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation as taught in the New England pulpits of that period, he closed with an earnest invitation for all present to come to the fountain of living waters, and drink and never die. Many were melted to tears under the word, and convinced that the truth they heard was from God. Among these was a young lawyer from an adjoining town on a visit to his uncle. He called on Mr. Lee the next morning to inquire more fully of the doctrine he preached the night before. The result was, the young lawyer gave up his Calvinism, as he had been hitherto taught, knelt with Mr. Lee in prayer, and learned by an experience there and there of the power of the salvation of Jesus Christ to cleanse from sin and renew the soul by the Holy Ghost.

The young lawyer rose to eminence at the bar, and was at one time Judge Bolles of the Windham County court. He was ever afterward a warm defender of Methodism in Eastford where he resided.

The family where Mr. Lee stopped for the night and preached, likewise became friends of Methodism. A son, being born to the family soon after, he was named by his parents in honor of Arminius, the founder of Arminianism, as taught by the Methodist pioneer and his co-laborers. To this son, Armin Bolles, we are indebted for the above facts, who related them to the writer as a reason why his name was Armin—an abridgment of Arminius. Thus the seed sown by the wayside in fearful hope bore its immediate and future fruits.

Little is known of the progress of Methodism in Woodstock from the first visit of Jesse Lee in 1795, on his missionary journey through New England, except that occasionally the earnest liberator, as he traveled extensive circuits, visited the town, preaching in private houses, and at a school-house near where Mr. Lee delivered his first sermon. In that locality a small class was formed, and its few members made a welcome place for the weary itinerant to rest for the night and speak cheering words to the little band who, by their religious zeal, became a marked and often a persecuted people. Frequently their small class and prayer-meetings were disturbed by the rowdy element of the community. This was rather countenanced than checked by the so-called better class; and no record could be found in the law, for such meetings were outside of a legal, organized ecclesiastical gathering. Cheerful, hopeful and happy, the little class toiled on, willing to suffer persecutions and every self-denial if at last they might but obtain the better life, realizing in their trials and trials that He who clothes the grass of the fields and hears the young ravens when they cry, would care for them, and believing that His truth, even on a New England soil, would find a lodgment in the honest heart. The promise of faith falls not.

"Thou shalt not toil in vain, Cold, heat, and wet and dry, Shall outlive and mature the grain For gamers in the sky."

After waiting for thirty-four years, Woodstock realized a glorious revival in 1829. Pomfret circuit embraced fourteen towns, of which Woodstock was a part. Revs. John Lovejoy, Ira M. Bidwell and O. Robbins were young men, full of zeal for the salvation of men, and during their stay upon this extensive circuit, a revival broke out in the old red school-house in the neighborhood where Mr. Lee first preached, and forty-five were converted and joined the Methodist class on trial. This revival augmented the little class to about thirty members, and laid the foundation for the first Methodist house of worship in Woodstock, which house was built and dedicated in 1831. Though far out of sight of many dwellings, yet

the people found this sanctuary, and entered its courts with praise, for the Lord remembered His Zion in great goodness and mercy. Within these consecrated walls were gathered on holy day an earnest and faithful band of Christians, who believed in God and earnest work for Him and heaven. Among its lay members we find the names of Ebenezer Paine, Eliza Paine, Thomas Chandler, Benjamin Works, Chas. Child, and a worthy band of Christian women, embracing among many others the wives and daughters of the above; but I will give only the name of one, which is a good illustration of the character of this people and the times in which they lived. Miss Polly Chandler, in her old age, was everybody's "Aunt Polly." She was converted in the revival of 1829 at the age of sixteen, and joined the class on probation. She was one whom nature had endowed with rare gifts and beauty. To see her, was but to love. Soon after she joined the class she was given a ticket of admission to a love-feast to be held at a quarterly meeting. The fashions of the world were to be renounced, and plainness of dress was expected at that age of Methodism. Polly, armed with her ticket, went to the place of meeting. She presented her ticket to the doorkeeper, and was refused admittance. She asked why, and was told she had flowers on her bonnet, which showed she had not renounced the "vain fashions of the world." To use her own language: "I turned away disappointed, and the words 'vain fashions of the world' pierced to the bottom of my heart. Tears came to my eyes. I took my bonnet from my head, took off the flowers, threw them upon the ground and trampled them in the dust, and said in my poor heart, 'Only Jesus will I know, and Jesus crucified.' I returned, presented my ticket, and was admitted. It was a blessed season. My soul was filled with the love of Jesus, and such happiness and peace flowed into my heart as the world could never give. I received a victory over the pride of my heart, and never have regretted that blessed step."

For ten years the church prospered, and was supplied by the circuit system. In 1831-32 it was connected with the Dudley circuit, Revs. Isaac Jennison and John Parker, preachers. In 1833 it was connected with Thompson circuit; the preachers this year being Revs. Chas. Virgin, Wm. Livesey, and Pardon T. Kenney. In 1834 it was connected with the Ashford circuit; Revs. Wm. Livesey and Joseph Fresson, preachers. In 1835 it was connected with Eastford circuit; Revs. Stephen Cushing and Joseph Fresson, preachers. In 1836 Rev. R. W. Allen was appointed to Southbridge circuit, and this embraced Woodstock; his assistant being A. Carter. In 1837, Dudley and Woodstock were left to be supplied; and it is to be supposed that the local preachers, Revs. Henry Davis, Otis Perrin and Daniel Pratt, did the preaching for the Methodists this year. This factor of Methodism was a power in the church in its early days, and to these self-denying men, here and elsewhere, may be attributed the wonderful works of God in the spreading of the doctrines of free salvation in the byways and highways of the land. Without pay, these devoted men preached in school-houses and private dwellings, riding miles through cold and storms to their appointments, glorying in nothing but that they could preach the Gospel to the perishing, without money and without price. Their toils were not in vain, for many a strong church to-day was first planted by the labors of these men, watered by their tears and strengthened by their prayers, till they had gathered strength to sustain a Conference preacher. Revs. Davis and Perrin have gone to their reward, both dying in great peace with God and all the world. Mr. Perrin was a man of catholic spirit, true to Methodism; but when enfeebled in health by old age and his attendant infirmities, he attended the nearest church to his home—North Ashford Baptist. To this small church he gave a bell, enjoining that it should be tolled for all, rich and poor, in the parish. And it is worthy of mention that this bell sent forth its first mournful tidings for his death. Mr. Pratt still remains, enfeebled by old age and disease, yet now mentally strong; and when aroused by a revival influence, as has recently occurred in his own neighborhood, there are a power and enthusiasm in his manner that carry one back half a century to his many battle-grounds. He is the only living local preacher that links the two half-centuries of Methodism in Woodstock and vicinity.

[Concluded next week.]

## MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT (Vt.) PREACHERS MEETING.

A meeting of the Preachers' Association of Springfield district began at Wardsboro, Monday, Sept. 27. The first evening was devoted to a preaching service, the sermon being delivered by F. W. Lewis, of Weston, from Acts 20: 28. Rev. J. S. Allen, pastor of the church, and Rev. A. B. Truax, of Bellows Falls, assisted in the services.

Tuesday morning the exercises were inaugurated by a prayer-meeting under charge of Bro. Truax. Immediately following this, Presiding Elder Morgan took the chair. The roll-call showed the presence of twelve ministerial brethren. The first essay was by Rev. G. F. Ames, on the question, "Does Probation Extend Beyond Death?" The essayist took the negative, and gave a strong and scholarly argument. F. W. Lewis presented an essay on "Pastoral Visiting," which the brethren saw fit to request for publication. Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. A. Steele occupied the chair, and Bro. Partridge conducted the devotional services. Rev. Dennis Wells, a supernumerary member of the Conference, who completed his eighty-third year during this week, gave an essay on "The Christian Church, Its Objects and Elements of Success." Judging by the ability shown in the essay, one would say that Father Wells' essay was "not due to his natural force abated." It met the hearty approval of the Association. Rev. A. J. Martin followed with a brief but thoughtful essay on the question, "What Elements and Qualifications are Required to a Successful Ministry?" Rev. A. B. Truax pre-

sented an exegesis of Matt. 25: 1-13; and Rev. C. F. Partridge an ingenious essay on the temperance question, entitled, "Hard Times and the Bleeding Preacher," the latter eliciting an animated discussion.

In the evening Bro. Truax preached the Word, taking as his text Matt. 7: 7. His discourse proved both interesting and practical, and at its close a profitable season was spent in prayer and testimony.

Wednesday morning the prayer-meeting was held by Bro. Handy, and was a season of interest. His ten o'clock Rev. A. B. Truax took the chair, according to previous appointment. A committee on evangelistic work was constituted by the election of A. B. Truax, Isaac McAnn, A. L. Cooper, and F. D. Handy, with Mr. Morgan, presiding elder, as chairman. Rev. J. A. Steele gave a masterly and convincing essay on "Proofs from Experience of the Christian Religion," which met with much favor. Rev. J. S. Allen was next called upon, and responded with a critical exegesis of 1 Tim. 1: 1-5. It was voted that the next meeting be held at Bradford, and the committee was instructed to furnish each member of the Association with a programme.

Wednesday afternoon F. D. Handy presided, and A. B. Truax conducted the devotions. Rev. Morgan gave an essay on the question, "What Ought the Coming Party to Advocate?" A spirited discussion ensued on matters suggested by the essay, though the essay itself encountered no criticism and appeared to be heartily endorsed by the members of the Association present. Rev. E. S. Morse presented a written sermon on Isa. 43: 12, which was highly commended. The thanks of the Association were extended to the people of Wardsboro for hospitalities enjoyed, and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening Rev. F. D. Handy preached the Word from Luke 16: 25, 26, after which a profitable altar service was held. The meeting as a whole was of a character to lead those attending to consider themselves well repaid, and it is hoped it may prove to have been of some advantage to the place and the cause of the Redeemer.

F. W. LEWIS, Sec.

## ANGUSTA DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Augusta District Ministerial Association opened its session in the Methodist Church at Wilton on Monday eve, Oct. 2. The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. W. M. Sterling, of Waterville, from the text 2 Cor. 6: 17, 18. The theme was the inward separation from the bitter, unclean root of sin—a pungent and searching discourse, stirring up the association assembled to attend to its regular work, with Rev. A. W. Pottle in the chair. Twenty-two of the ministerial brethren were present. Rev. H. Hewitt, of New Sharon, read a very able essay on the "Anthropomorphism of the Bible." He gave several cogent reasons why God revealed Himself in a corporeal form. His publication was requested in ZION'S HERALD. Rev. D. B. Holt gave a verbal report, with some criticisms, of the camp-meetings this autumn, within the bounds of the Maine Conference. It was stated that about one hundred persons had been converted and reclaimed, and more than half as many had entered into the experience of entire sanctification, as the result of the camp-meetings this year in this Conference. In the afternoon Rev. N. C. Clifford and Rev. W. Canham read excellent papers on "Religious Home Life." An extended and deeply spiritual discussion followed. An able-written essay was next read by Rev. J. L. Hill, of Livermore Falls, on "Second Probation." He very forcibly set forth the Scriptures as our infallible guide and only true standard on this great question. The essay was sound, orthodox, and thoroughly evangelical, giving a quarter to the "new departure" of so-called "liberal thinkers." Rev. J. L. Pratt briefly gave his views on class-meetings, and firmly believed we had lost much ground by departing from the rules of John Wesley, as laid down in our Discipline. Tuesday evening Rev. G. R. Palmer, of Augusta, delivered an excellent sermon on Rom. 8: 30, and Heb. 12: 14, clearly defining and beautifully illustrating the different states of grace, and answering some of the frequent objections to a life of Scriptural holiness. It was a sermon of revival, and at which true seekers came for pardon and several to be made perfect in love.

Wednesday morning Rev. C. Springer, of Winthrop, read a very stirring essay on "Revivals, and How Secured." He emphasized the duty of the church to go down into the inner sanctuary of the Lord, as an absolute prerequisite to a thorough work of revival. Outside help would usually be found superfluous, and in a few brief paragraphs, he showed how this condition is fully met. An animated discussion followed. Rev. G. C. Andrews gave a valuable paper on "Hygiene for the Clergy." Rev. J. Allen offered an appropriate prayer, after which the Association adjourned, to meet again in February at Winthrop. A vote of thanks was extended to the people of Wilton for their generous hospitalities.

M. E. K.

## Obituaries.

[All obituaries are now limited to a maximum of forty lines each. For every line exceeding this number twenty cents is charged.]

ELIZABETH WARNER LIVESY, the young daughter of Capt. William and Ruth Reed, of Somerset, Mass., was born June 30, 1821, and died in Fall River, Mass., Sept. 10, 1886, aged 65 years, 2 months and 10 days.

She was converted during a revival that followed the dedication of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Fall River, Mass., in 1840. She was married to Rev. Phineas Crandall, the son after gave her name and influence to the Methodist Episcopal Church of her native town. Her conversion was clear and joyous, and on proper occasion she was a true and devoted follower of the Master unreserved and unflinching. On the 22nd of July, 1845, she was united in marriage to her husband, Rev. Phineas Crandall, by Rev. John Livesey, of the New England Southern Conference, by Rev. Isaac Bonney of previous union. She thus became identified with the Methodist Church, and all that it includes of joy or sorrow, of privation or prosperity, of bringing glory to God and good to men; and in a few brief years, she was a true and devoted follower of the Master unreserved and unflinching. On the 22nd of July, 1845, she was united in marriage to her husband, Rev. Phineas Crandall, by Rev. John Livesey, of the New England Southern Conference, by Rev. Isaac Bonney of previous union. She thus became identified with the Methodist Church, and all that it includes of joy or sorrow, of privation or prosperity, of bringing glory to God and good to men; and in a few brief years, she was a true and devoted follower of the Master unreserved and unflinching.

Tuesday morning the exercises were inaugurated by a prayer-meeting under charge of Bro. Truax. Immediately following this, Presiding Elder Morgan took the chair. The roll-call showed the presence of twelve ministerial brethren. The first essay was by Rev. G. F. Ames, on the question, "Does Probation Extend Beyond Death?" The essayist took the negative, and gave a strong and scholarly argument. F. W. Lewis presented an essay on "Pastoral Visiting," which the brethren saw fit to request for publication. Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. A. Steele occupied the chair, and Bro. Partridge conducted the devotional services. Rev. Dennis Wells, a supernumerary member of the Conference, who completed his eighty-third year during this week, gave an essay on "The Christian Church, Its Objects and Elements of Success." Judging by the ability shown in the essay, one would say that Father Wells' essay was "not due to his natural force abated." It met the hearty approval of the Association. Rev. A. J. Martin followed with a brief but thoughtful essay on the question, "What Elements and Qualifications are Required to a Successful Ministry?" Rev. A. B. Truax pre-

sented an exegesis of Matt. 25: 1-13; and Rev. C. F. Partridge an ingenious essay on the temperance question, entitled, "Hard Times and the Bleeding Preacher," the latter eliciting an animated discussion.

In the evening Bro. Truax preached the Word, taking as his text Matt. 7: 7. His discourse proved both interesting and practical, and at its close a profitable season was spent in prayer and testimony.

Wednesday morning the prayer-meeting was held by Bro. Handy, and was a season of interest. His ten o'clock Rev. A. B. Truax took the chair, according to previous appointment. A committee on evangelistic work was constituted by the election of A. B. Truax, Isaac McAnn, A. L. Cooper, and F. D. Handy, with Mr. Morgan, presiding elder, as chairman. Rev. J. A. Steele gave a masterly and convincing essay on "Proofs from Experience of the Christian Religion," which met with much favor. Rev. J. S. Allen was next called upon, and responded with a critical exegesis of 1 Tim. 1: 1-5. It was voted that the next meeting be held at Bradford, and the committee was instructed to furnish each member of the Association with a programme.

Wednesday afternoon F. D. Handy presided, and A. B. Truax conducted the devotions. Rev. Morgan gave an essay on the question, "What Ought the Coming Party to Advocate?" A spirited discussion ensued on matters suggested by the essay, though the essay itself encountered no criticism and appeared to be heartily endorsed by the members of the Association present. Rev. E. S. Morse presented a written sermon on Isa. 43: 12, which was highly commended. The thanks of the Association were extended to the people of Wardsboro for hospitalities enjoyed, and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening Rev. F. D. Handy preached the Word from Luke 16: 25, 26, after which a profitable altar service was held. The meeting as a whole was of a character to lead those attending to consider themselves well repaid, and it is hoped it may prove to have been of some advantage to the place and the cause of the Redeemer.

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To a small cupful of  
**MOLASSES**  
or strained **HONEY**  
add 2 Teaspoonfuls  
of  
**PERRY DAVIS'**  
**PAIN**  
**KILLER**  
and take often  
1/4 Teaspoonful of  
the mixture & you  
will cure  
your Cough  
or Cold.  
Pain-killer  
also cures  
Sore Throat and  
Diphtheria.

It is a small cupful of the mixture & you will cure your Cough or Cold. Pain-killer also cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.

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my bowels were regulated, and by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headache had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of the painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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## The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, October 19.

The past season reported as one of complete failure for fishermen and coasters in southern Massachusetts.

Dabney H. Maury appointed United States Minister to the United States of Colombia.

Aid for the sufferers at Eastport, Me., rapidly assuming a substantial form.

Termination of the strike of the packing-house men in Chicago.

The losses by the fire which nearly destroyed the town of Salisbury, Md., very large.

A vessel sunk in Lake Erie, and her crew believed to be lost.

Another lot of "moonlighters" arrested in Ireland.

A memorial church to be erected in honor of the completion of the fifty years' reign of Victoria as England's sovereign.

Resignation of three members of the French ministry.

Wednesday, October 20.

Mr. Edmunds re-elected to the U. S. Senate by the Vermont Legislature.

Failure of the D. R. Sparks Milling Company at Alton, Ill.

Most of the business houses in Oakland, Cal., destroyed by fire.

Five men killed by a railroad accident in Nebraska. A number injured, including John Fitzgerald, captain of the Land League.

The stock-yards strike in Chicago formally ended. A volley fired by the Pinkerton men, resulting in mortally wounding two men, and the arrest of fifty of the Pinkerton officers.

All the Powers pronounced against Alexander's return to the Bulgarian throne. A Turkish occupation looked for.

Thursday, October 21.

J. A. L. Whittier, of this city, sentenced to four years and three months in State Prison for embezzling \$20,000 from Miss Harriet D. Reid.

The Amsterdam (N. Y.) knitting mills gradually supplying themselves with non-union operatives.

Death of a young man in Saco, Me., through drinking cider from a cask which once contained embalming fluid. His parents ill, also, from the same cause.

The soapstone works at Franconstown, N. H., damaged by fire to the extent of \$20,000.

Gerónimo and the other hostile Apaches to be kept in Fort Pickens, Fla., until further orders.

Otis H. Skinner, an American, arrested in London for swindling banks.

The American Missionary Association to hold its next meeting at Portland, Me.

Vote of the Episcopal house of deputies to raise \$50,000 for mission work in the South.

A resolution passed by the Knights of Labor Convention asking for mercy for the condemned anarchists in Chicago.

Severe earthquake shocks [reported from Central Asia].

Turkey reported as massing troops on the Bulgarian frontier.

Friday, October 22.

Death, in this city, of John C. Hoadley, well known as a mechanical engineer and inventor.

Loss of life of two men by the burning of Jacob's lumber-yard and the American Varnish Company's works in Chicago.

End of the railway strike at Minneapolis. The village of Farmington, Me., on fire. The principal business portion of the town in ashes.

The International Steam Navigation Company the purchaser of the Inman steamers.

Arrest of Negrete, the would-be revolutionist, by the Mexican authorities.

Monday, October 25.

The valuable steam barge, "William Rudolph," burned at Detroit.

Wreck of the train carrying Gerónimo and his braves to Florida. No one hurt as far as known.

Destruction, by the great fire at Farmington, Me., of 33 houses, 19 stores, 3 churches, 2 hotels, 2 newspaper offices, 3 law offices, 2 insurance offices, county jail, town house, post-office, a savings bank, and numerous other buildings, including a plough factory.

The wells in Summerville, S. C., reported as containing ten feet more of water than before Friday's earthquake.

Several persons seriously injured in a collision between a passenger and freight train on the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad, at Royal Oak.

Senor Juarez Calman installed president of the Argentine Republic.

Death of Count Frederick Ferdinand von Brest, the distinguished German statesman.

Burning of the Springfield paper mill in Quebec, owned by the Canadian Pacific Company, entailing a loss of \$170,000.

Mr. J. D. Knox, of Topeka, Kansas, is in the city, and will remain for a week. His post-office address will be 36 Bromfield St., Room 47, until next Monday evening.

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Springer Brothers, of this city. By energy and fair dealing this firm have built up one of the largest cloak manufacturing establishments in the country. Their spacious rooms are filled with the latest styles of cloaks, and the choicest fabrics for ladies' garments. To their large wholesale trade they have added a retail department, which occupies the first story in the block which they occupy, and is probably one of the most attractive and elegantly furnished cloak parlors to be found in the United States.

A BIG ITEM FOR UNCLE SAM.—The postage advertisement of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, is over ten thousand dollars per annum. This item gives some idea of the magnitude of their business and of the number of orders entrusted to them by advertisers.

The Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis writes in the forthcoming number of *The Popular Science Monthly* on the origin and results of Sunday Legislation. His contention is that the day was first instituted by pagan sun-worshippers, and that it has only been possible to maintain its status in Christian nations by the constant exercise of the authority of the State.

The Anthony Steel Plate Furnace is the very highest grade made, and its manufacturers, the Smith & Anthony Steel Company of Boston, make a specialty of Sanitary Heat-ers. Their furnaces are made of the best materials by skilled mechanics, and embody every improvement. Those having houses to heat should examine the well-known Anthony Steel Plate Furnace before purchasing.

Those of our readers about purchasing Furniture or Carpets should not fail to examine the large, well assorted stock of Messrs. Whidden, Curtin & Co., 1 to 9 Washington Street. They are offering special bargains in both Furniture and Carpets.

Messrs. J. R. Leeson & Co., of Boston, have just published a new book giving rules and directions for knitting, crocheting, etc. It is very explanatory and contains many handsome illustrations. All our lady readers should have one.

In another column of this paper will be found an advertisement of a Catarrh remedy, of B. S. Landwehr & Co. The proprietors are a responsible firm, and those who write them will receive prompt attention and square dealing.

GRAND CALIFORNIA EXCURSION.—In response to the urgent demand of numerous patrons for an opportunity to visit the Pacific Coast during the coming winter, the "Great Rock Island Route" announces that the first of a series of grand first-class excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles will leave Chicago, October 26th, inst., the rate per round trip having been made extremely low. Tickets (with stop over privileges) good for going passage 30 days west of Missouri river, and good for return 6 months after date of issue, with choice of routes either via Council Bluffs or Kansas City. For Pullman Sleeping Car accommodations, or detailed information relating to this or subsequent excursions, address E. A. Holbrook, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent C. R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

AN ENTERTAINING HOUSE.—Brine & Norcross, successors to John H. Harrison & Co., 17 and 18 Tremont Row, 70 and 72 Tremont Street, and 660 and 662 Washington Street, Boston, have purchased the stock of John K. Piper, of Manchester, N. H., and will continue a branch house in this growing and prosperous city. Messrs. B. & N. have in all their stores a good quality of Kid Gloves at 50c. a pair; and a full line of a better grade at 75c. a pair, imported by themselves and sold at retail at the lowest living price. Holiday Goods by every steamer. Fifty dozen Gent's Undershirts and Drawers, in greys and mode colors, all wool middie, in seconds, at \$1.25 each; regular price for perfect goods is \$2.50. Job lot of Knives, owl brand, at just half usual retail price. In Handkerchiefs their stores have taken the lead during the past season and they will continue to receive the very best styles in Fancy Borders, and the best possible value for the money in plain, direct from the manufacturer.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN MILES OF ORGANS.—In numbering the organs of the manufacture, Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have reached No. 160,000. Arranged in a line these would reach one hundred and thirteen miles, or would form the railroad on one side from the Grand Central Station in New York, to within twenty miles of Springfield, Mass. Not only does this show the great popularity of American organs, but it illustrates what was declared by James Parton to be a general fact, that he who makes the best article in his line always has the greatest success.

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Caremont Colony offers great inducements. Send for free illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. Mansel, Claremont, Va.

I have found nothing like Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Kilder to take on retiring when I was harassed with a cough and had to pay large costs of doctors.—Robert Chisham, Pawtucket, R. I.

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Volume Eight will contain the latter half of the story of KIRK MCKINNON running, entitled "The Flamingo Feather," with illustrations by T. DE THULSTREE; a new serial by LUCY C. LILLIE, entitled "The Colonel's Money," illustrated by FREDERICK DRELMAN; to be followed by a serial story for boys.

The short stories will be contributed by WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, FRANK R. STOCKTON, LOUISA M. ALCOCK, H. C. BURNES, R. K. MCKINTREE, HOWARD PYLE, JOHN HARVEY, W. M. STODARD, FRANK CONVERSE, JOHN R. CONTELL, DAVID KEITH, SOPHIE SWETT, JULIA K. HILDETH, STENNY DAYE, HELEN KAYS, and others.

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It grows better and better with every year.—N. Y. Tribune.

A charming juvenile publication, fresh and delightful as ever. A delight and a treasure in thousands of happy homes.—Evangelist, N. Y.

Its standard is higher than that of any weekly publication for the young.—Boston Globe.

Safe, sparkling, and sunny—a real friend to the boys and girls. It entertains, instructs, and charms its readers.—Christian Intelligencer, N. Y.

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